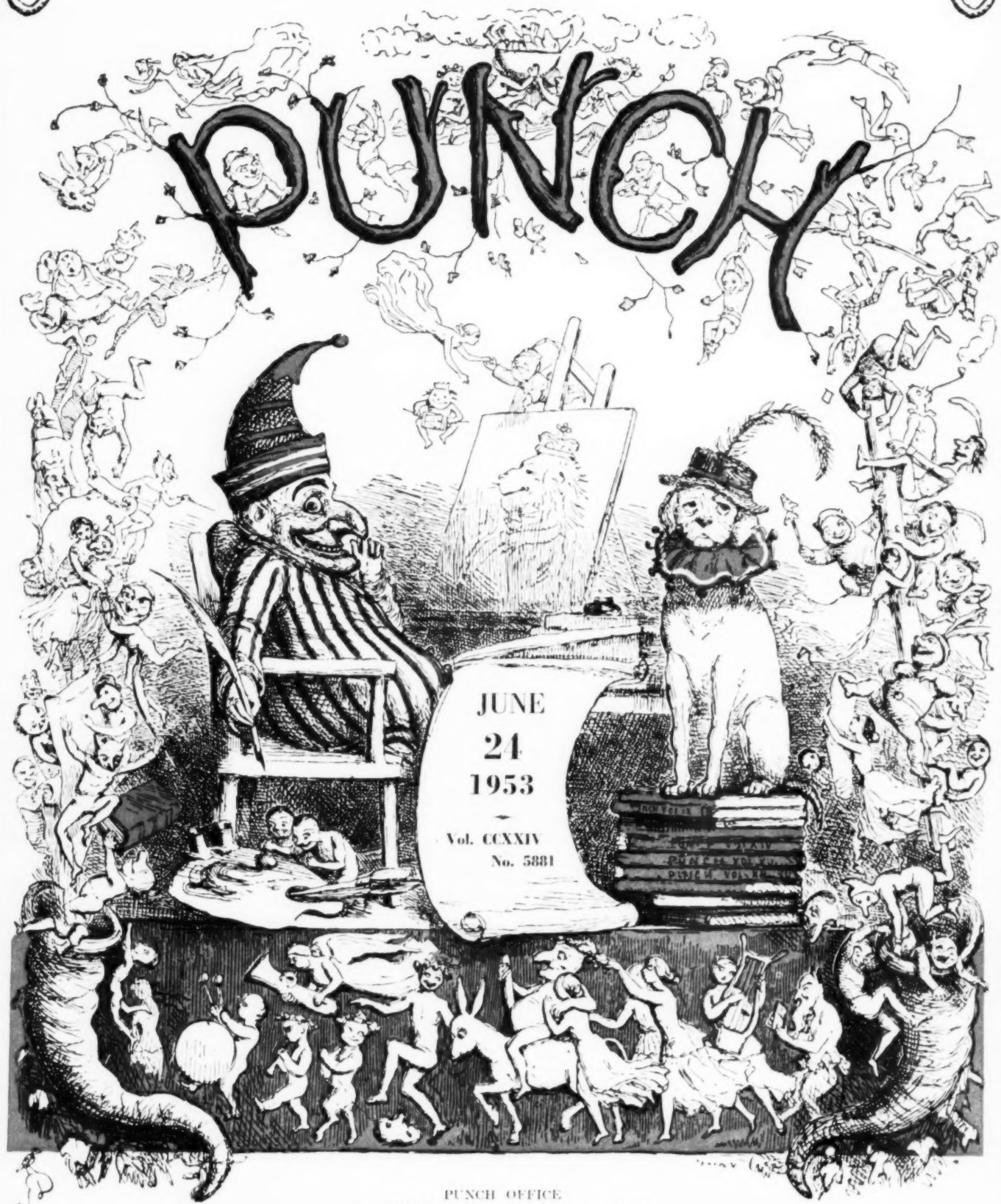


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24 1953

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

*Ah! my favourite  
cigarette*



**TWO WEEKS' TEST**  
will tell you why more people  
are smoking

**du MAURIER**  
THE FILTER TIP CIGARETTE

The purer the smoke the greater the enjoyment. That's the simple principle behind the du Maurier filter. It allows *nothing* to spoil the true flavour of fine tobacco so ensuring complete smoking pleasure. But put it to the test—smoke du Maurier and nothing else for two weeks and discover for yourself the *special* appeal of these fine filter-tipped cigarettes.

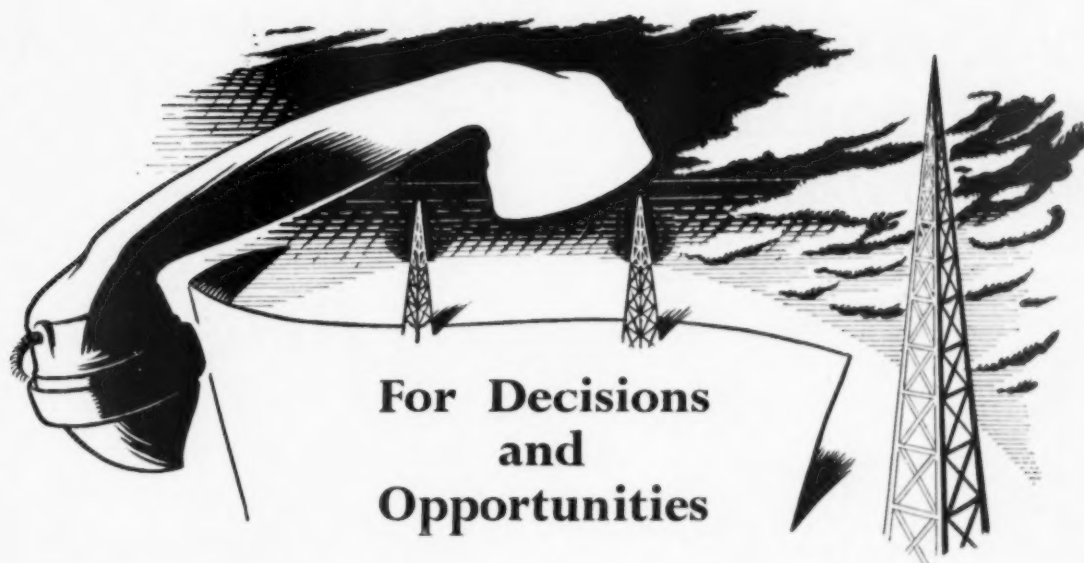


CORK TIP IN THE RED BOX  
PLAIN TIP (MEDIUM) IN THE BLUE BOX

WORDS ROUND



THE WORLD



## For Decisions and Opportunities

Transmitting telephone conversations by radio between places thousands of miles apart is one of the many ways in which Cable & Wireless Ltd. carry words round the world. When personal contact is vital, to ask for an urgent decision on policy or to acquaint a business colleague of an opportunity, a man in the Far East, for instance, can talk to Britain or America on the radiotelephone.

His voice, carried on radio waves, is 'scrambled', the various tones being ingeniously transposed, and at the receiving end it is converted back again. Cable & Wireless Ltd. operate more than 80 such radiotelephone circuits at the distant ends, putting Accra, Athens, Barbados, Bermuda, Hong Kong and Malta, to name just a few of the terminal

points, directly in touch with London. Radiotelephony is an example of the way Cable & Wireless Ltd. try to provide the most convenient method of communication to suit particular occasions.

In its telegraphic system, the Company can use both the submarine cable and wireless to link places far apart, either directly or, if there is any interference, by alternative routes.

Maintaining and developing these arteries of communication entails heavy expenditure, and with rising costs of labour and materials, it is not easy. The Company's efforts and resources will be resolutely exerted to earn currency abroad, to link the Commonwealth and to retain Britain's dominance in international communications.

*Part of Britain's Business . . .*

# CABLE & WIRELESS LIMITED

Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2





## Which of these two REVOLUTIONARY NEW BOILERS would you rather have?

IT DEPENDS how much hot water you want. For more, choose the full-size Agamatic; for less, the Agamatic 25/40. Either way, rejoice in a really sweet-tempered, hard-working boiler with all these big advantages:

**1** It never goes out — never. Stay in bed half an hour later when you've got an Agamatic: no morning fire to light with, ever again.

**2** It heats the water very quickly, very cheaply, very hot.

**3** It looks after itself. No seeing-to, no swearing-at: no dampers, no adjusting, no constant cossetting and coaxing. The thermostat does all that for you, automatically.

**4** It is cheap to run. The heat is really used, not wasted. Insulation keeps it inside the boiler (the outside is cool enough to touch) and the special circular grate stops ash from building up between the water and the fire.

**5** It is easy to run: far less work and trouble. Riddling is quick, easy, thorough — you only have to do it two or three times a day. You tread on a pedal to open the ashpit door, and open the top with your naked hand. And the Agamatic is clean: not 'cleaner' or even 'very clean': clean.

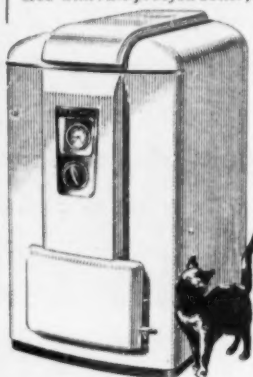
**6** It comes on one or two years' Hire Purchase if you want it.

The full-size Agamatic; heats the water for a tank of 40 to 100 gallons—that is, it gives you up to four baths an hour; or heats up to 200 sq. ft. of central heating. Is also suitable for combined hot water and central heating systems.

It is a very fine boiler indeed and costs

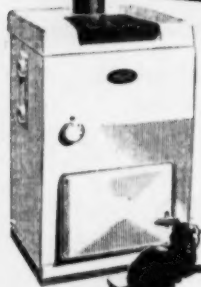
**£55**

(£60 with rust-proofed boiler)



BOTH ARE

## AGAMATIC



The new Agamatic 25/40; for the house without central heating (beyond a towel rail). Heats the water for a tank of 25-40 gallons—that is, for up to two baths every hour.

It is a mere 18 inches wide and costs only

**£29**

(£31.10.0 with rust-proofed boiler)

Anyone who is thinking of buying a boiler should write at once for illustrated leaflets about these two. The address is Aga Heat Ltd., 102/1, Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1.

The words 'Aga' and 'Agamatic' are registered trade marks of Aga Heat Ltd. (Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)



Before you say  
**SQUASH-**

say

## Robinson's

ORANGE  
OR  
LEMON



THREE SHILLINGS  
A BOTTLE

Made by Robinson's of Barley Water fame

CVS-19

In 2, 3 and 5 pint Capacities

Give a wonderful 'Royal' kettle this Coronation Year. Made of highly polished chromium-plated copper it is specially designed for efficiency, easy handling and beautiful appearance. See one at your retailers today.

In the home for a **LIFETIME**

Bulpet & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18

M-W-306





**MR. STREETER'S TOMATO TIP**  
When 4 trusses are set, feed 2 Plantoids weekly. Water copiously — the result will amaze you.

*This test on Chrysanthemums is one of many by Fred Streeter.*

# IT'S RESULTS THAT COUNT

says **FRED STREETER** V.M.H.

"I grew these plants side by side in the same frame from identical cuttings but treated only one of them with Plantoids. There is no comparison at all; the treated plant is bigger and sturdier in every way and the root growth remarkable. Sturdier plants mean more and better blooms, even without further treatment, but regular Plantoids brings results out of all proportion, so pop 'em in alongside all your flowers and vegetables, like I do, that's the way to get results—results that really count!"

**WHAT PLANTOIDS CONTAIN — ANALYSIS —**  
**NITROGEN 9% POTASH  $K_2O$  9%**  
**PHOSPHORIC ACID ( $P_2O_5$  Insol.) 12%**  
**PLUS MANGANESE, IRON, CALCIUM, NAPHTHALENE**

All scientifically balanced in accurately measured units.

WE ARE PROUD OF THE PLANTOID FORMULA

## HOW PLANTOIDS WORK

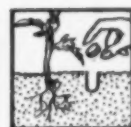
The analysis above shows that PLANTOIDS contain NITROGEN, POTASH, PHOSPHORUS, CALCIUM, IRON, MANGANESE. The tablets break up and release NITROGEN, which *stirs the plant into vitality to put forth new leaves and roots*, drawing the rootlets towards them. Then the slower dissolving POTASH consolidates the initial gain into robust sturdy growth. The PHOSPHORUS (Phosphoric Acid) remains in the soil, insoluble in water, but the plant exudes a secretion (Root sap) which dissolves it as needed to develop flowers and fruit. Meantime, MANGANESE and IRON intensify the colour of both flowers and foliage, CALCIUM keeps the soil sweet, and assists in the prevention of disease, whilst NAPHTHALENE *keeps soil pests at bay*.

**PLANTOIDS ARE ECONOMICAL.** The plants, not the weeds, get all the benefit. You get a minimum of 300 tablets for only 3/6 and they're sold by enthusiastic dealers everywhere.

## SO SIMPLE TO USE



Make the hole near the plant



Drop in a PLANTOID



Nature does the rest

## PLANTOIDS ARE EXCELLENT FOR

Flowering plants of all kinds. Vegetables of all kinds, particularly Tomatoes. All soft fruits. House plants, Pot plants and Window Boxes. Lawns. Being very concentrated, Plantoids make quantities of first-class liquid manure and they're ideal for making compost.

## MR. STREETER'S ADVICE

Mr. Streeter has written a short leaflet telling users how to obtain the best results from Plantoids with particular directions for the majority of plants. A copy is included free in every packet.

# PLANTOIDS

PLANT GROWTH TABLETS

REGD.

**GRAHAM FARISH LTD., BROMLEY, KENT**

Makers of SNAP VACUUM CLOSURES for bottling fruit.

OVER 300 for **3/6**

DAISEE JUTE



on the carpet

**T**URN IT UP, says Daisee. Not meaning to be common. Wanting only to draw your attention for a moment to that part of your carpet that goes unseen, unsung. The jute part. The backing. The tough network of fibres brought from the heat of Pakistan, spun in the mills of Dundee, used by the carpet-makers as the foundation of their business, trodden unheedingly underfoot by millions of us.

It takes punishment, this jute. And it gets very little recognition. But it's there, working, all the time. Not only on your carpet but, indispensably, in a hundred hidden ways.



—makers of jute carpets and furnishing fabrics; bags and sacks; twines, cords and ropes; webbing; cotton belting; and yarns for carpet; cloth for backing linoleum, for tarpaulins, roofing felt, dampcourses and plasterer's scrim.

There may be an application of jute to your business. Why not write to us:—

**JUTE INDUSTRIES LTD., MEADOW PLACE BUILDINGS, DUNDEE**

"New member? What's his line of country?"



Hard to tell, when a man's so well-dressed. Might be in Business, or Law, or Medicine, or the Services.

Or manage a Bank or a racing stable. Anyway, he's wearing a Maenson suit—there's no mystery about that.

How on earth do you know? Oh, just a hunch. Look at that thoroughbred cut. Notice the faultless fit. Observe the discreet luxury of the material. Must be a Maenson! Like to bet?

Nothing doing, you old fox. You've got inside information. Out with it!

Well, for one thing, I wear Maenson suits myself, so I know the form. And, for another, I happened to spot the Maenson★ label inside his coat when he took it off to play Pool.

**Maenson**  
CLOTHES FOR MEN  
...the fitting choice

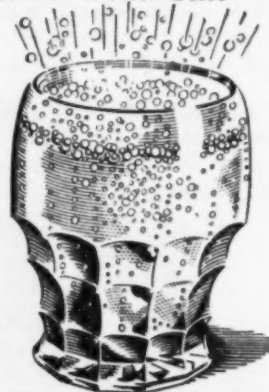
★ A new range of discreetly-tailored Maenson suits, light overcoats and sports clothes, in fine lasting cloths, faultless styles and 80 different fittings, awaits your critical appraisal.

## ENO'S for stomach upsets

You need the gentle Antacid  
Laxative action of Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

A dash of Eno's at any time of day quickly relieves indigestion, heartburn, flatulence. Furthermore, in promoting a regular bowel action, Eno's wards off sick headaches, liverishness, irritability and other symptoms of irregularity. If taken at bedtime Eno's acts as a safeguard against a restless night and a morning "liver".

**INVIGORATING · SPARKLING**  
Pleasant, refreshing Eno's is a corrective of all those irregularities of the system which are the result of too "civilised" a life. Keep Eno's by you. It may be taken by children, or anyone with a delicate stomach.



## Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

2/5d. Regular Size—Family Size (double the quantity) 4/3d.

The words "ENO", "ENO'S" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.



**THE TAX COLLECTORS** There is little of their modern successors' ruthless urbanity in these 16th century Dutch tax collectors—from a painting by Marinus van Reymerswaele known as "The Excisemen". Ruthlessness, yes; for the gathering in of hard cash was apt to be a dangerous proceeding. Urbanity was to come with anonymity.

A hatful of coins on authority's table reminds us nowadays more of a bank counter and of those

little brown paper bags in which coins are packed. And paper bags—be they carrier bags, vegetable bags, or specially constructed bags for hygienic food handling—are as much part of modern life as the aloof manner of modern taxation. Many millions of paper bags are sold every year by Bowaters and this is just one of the ways in which their Packaging Division makes paper serve modern life. Paper for commerce, art or industry is the business of The Bowater Paper Corporation.

## Bowaters

NEWSPRINT • MAGAZINE PAPERS • GRAVURE PAPERS  
CORRUGATED FIBREBOARD CONTAINERS • FIBRE DRUMS



BANKS & BONDS • PURE PRINTING PAPERS  
MULTIWALL SACKS • PROTECTIVE WRAPPING PAPERS  
PACKAGING PAPERS & BOARDS • PAPER BAGS • INSULATING BOARDS • HARDBOARDS

THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED

Great Britain • United States of America • Canada • Australia • South Africa • Republic of Ireland • Norway • Sweden





*Get there sooner—  
stay there longer*

Few people today care to be casual about time. When travelling, they prefer to save time by flying and spend more time in the places they want to go and with the people they want to visit.

You can do the same on your B.O.A.C. trip to South America—to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santiago.

The flight from London by 4-engined *Argonaut* airliner is swift, sure, comfortable. Delicious meals and mealtime drinks are served with our compliments. No tips or extras for attentive service from two stewards and a stewardess. You arrive rested and relaxed—with a bonus of extra time to spend just as you please!



Book where you see this sign or at B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (Victoria 2323), 75, Regent St., W.1 (MAYfair 6811) or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool.

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

**FLY** BRITISH **BY B.O.A.C.**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Says one industrialist:

*"We save £465  
on electricity each year  
without economies or  
cuts in production"*

THIS is not an isolated or exceptional case. Many manufacturers are cutting their electricity bills by anything from 18% to 35% without major plant alteration or "cheeseparing" economies.

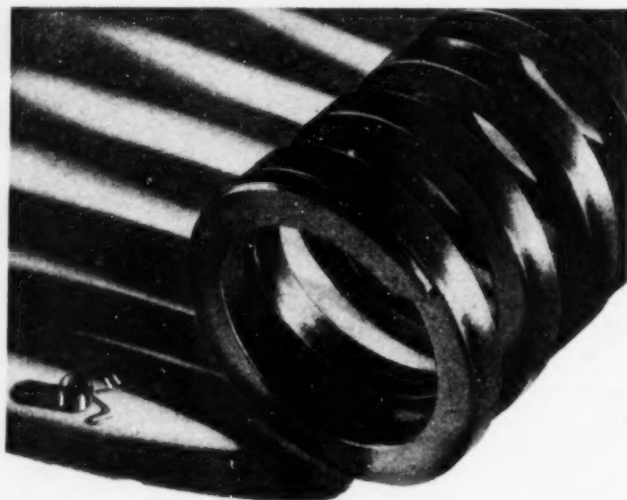
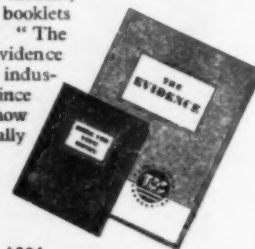
How is it done? Power Factor Correction by T.C.C. is the answer. If you would know more about this money-saving scheme that pays for itself in 12 to 18 months, write for the two free non-technical booklets "More for your Money" and "The Evidence". You cannot ignore the evidence of savings effected in large and small industrial concerns: they should convince you that a T.C.C. engineer can show you how to make electricity really work for you.



SPECIALISTS  
IN CONDENSERS SINCE 1906

**THE TELEGRAPH CONDENSER CO LTD**

P.F. DIVISION · NORTH ACTON · LONDON · W.3 · Tel. ACORN 0061 (9 lines)



Springs, of all shapes and sizes, are needed to assist the movements of almost everything mechanical. Most of these are made by Terry's who have been Britain's leading spring and presswork specialists for nearly a century. In that time a host of problems have been solved by Terry's research department so that today their experience is unique in this specialised field. If you want help with any question of springs or presswork rely on Terry's to spring to your assistance.

**TERRY'S SPRINGS & PRESSWORK**

Herbert Terry & Sons Ltd, Redditch, England

PH



GOOD CARS HAVE  
**BRITISH  
LEATHER  
UPHOLSTERY**

For luxurious comfort there's nothing like leather



- Contains active ingredients of 9 times its size of ordinary spray.
- Easy and clean to use.
- Sprays an average-sized room (1,000 cu. ft.) in 5 secs.

Don't give disease-carrying flies a chance to pollute your food—kill them on sight instantly with a FLIT Aerosol. It costs only 7/6. Larger size 12/6.



**Cavalry twill**

... tailored for leisure

THIS is the Commando among cloths: tough, solid, dependable. Hold it in your hand and you know that here is a cloth which belongs outdoors; wherever clothes and brambles get together.

Such a cloth is ideal for sport and leisure wear. Consider, for instance, our cavalry twill 'Breex,' for both men and women. These are the handsome belted slacks which bolster a man's confidence and minimise a woman's silhouette—their flat-set pockets and considerate hip design are a triumph of understatement. 'Breex' are available ready-to-wear, with leatherbound turn-ups, 'Lightning' zip fasteners, and a suede-lined belt with our own unique stud-buckle; at about five guineas for women, five and a half for men.

Your 'Breex' can be worn with any sport or leisure jacket, but really excel themselves in the company of a cavalry twill all-purpose hacking jacket in the region of eight and a half guineas for women, ten for men.



CAVALRY TWILL breeches material has been the speciality of Harry Hall since 1915 and is now being tailored for leisure with the same meticulous skill which has made Harry Hall the most trusted name in riding wear. You can judge the results for yourself, one block south from Oxford Circus or at accredited agents throughout the country.\*

**HARRY HALL**

for thoroughbred clothes

235-237, REGENT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1

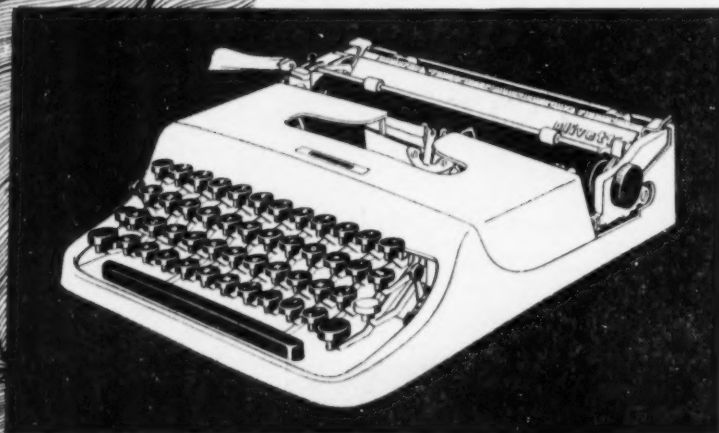
Telephone: REGent 6601



\*Messrs. Hallzone, Ltd., 104, Marylebone Lane, W.1 (WELbeck 9962) will be pleased to supply the name and address of your nearest stockist



**the world's  
most advanced  
portable**



the performance of a standard  
the advantages  
of the lightest portable

## **Lettera 22**

Weight 8 lbs.  
key set tabulator  
personal touch tuning  
basket shift  
standard bi-colour ribbon  
stencil cutting device  
surprisingly speedy with the touch of  
an office typewriter

Price £28.15.0d.

**olivetti**

Made in Great Britain by

BRITISH OLIVETTI LTD  
10 BERKELEY SQUARE LONDON W 1  
FACTORY: SUMMERLEE STREET GLASGOW E 2



OUT OF PEDIGREE COMES PACE!

# The success of the Daimler CONQUEST

DAIMLER DIGNITY PLUS DASH IS

## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Ever since the Daimler CONQUEST swept on to the market at £1511.5.10 including purchase tax, motorists have had a chance to experience a really new concept of motoring, in a car that is a brilliant combination of Daimler dignity and dash.

They find the CONQUEST so versatile. Elegant and manoeuvrable, it is certainly a town car. Comfortable yet fast (it can do over 80!), it is a car for long distances through the country. It has spaciousness for family needs; its floor is flat and unobstructed from front to rear and there is luggage room to cope with weekends and holidays.

### That Daimler fluid transmission

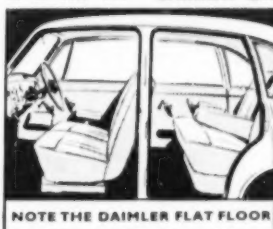
The CONQUEST has independent front wheel suspension that positively denies the existence of bad road surfaces and sharp bends. Above all, it has the

## THE PRIDE OF THE COUNTRY

famous and unique Daimler feature of fluid transmission, coupled with a pre-selector gearbox, and any Daimler owner will talk at length about that. Fluid transmission makes the engine a mere extension of one's will, ready to perform at a touch one's slightest wish.

### Test the 'CONQUEST'

May we suggest you call on your nearest Daimler dealer? A personal trial of the



CONQUEST is the only really convincing test. But for the record, the principal technical features are as follows:

Engine—6 cylinder O.H.V.—75 b.h.p. • Top speed 80 plus • Cruising speed 70 • Petrol consumption 23 m.p.g. (at constant 50 m.p.h.) • Fluid flywheel transmission\* and pre-selector gearbox • Automatic chassis lubrication. • 11" brakes with area of 148 sq. ins.

\*Licensed under Vulkan-Stielair and Daimler patents.

A fully descriptive broadsheet is available free on request to the Daimler Co., Ltd., Bureau 1, Coventry.



BY APPOINTMENT  
To Daimler Co., Limited  
Motor Car Manufacturers  
to the late King George VI





### *"he gaf William the coron"*



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO THE ROYAL  
KING GEORGE VI  
BY THE ROYAL WARRANT  
MANUFACTURED

Only a few weeks after the defeat of King Harold at the battle of Hastings, William, Duke of Normandy "repaired to a house near London Stone, and thence proceeded to the Abbey at the head of a splendid cavalcade, surrounded with all the trappings of royalty. Near to his person, next to the Norman banners, rode the English nobles and officers of state." This unashamed display of armed might, vital in those days when a winged arrow or descending sword could unseat even an anointed Monarch, became softer in character only after many centuries had passed. Indeed fear must have ridden with every man on that Christmas Day in 1066, for when Ealdred, Archbishop of York and Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, asked the English and the Normans, each in their own language whether William should take the dignity of King of England, the shouts of acclamation from the assembled nobles alarmed the nervous Norman cavalry outside the Abbey. Believing that a riot had begun, they immediately attacked the crowd and set fire to the houses nearby. The flames and smoke alarmed the nobles, most of whom fled to safety, leaving William in an almost empty church to take the oath of the Saxon Kings. Thus, amid confusion and fire, began the English Sovereignty of the Houses of Normandy, Blois and Anjou, known more familiarly to every schoolboy as the Reign of the Plantagenets.



SPECIALLY PAINTED BY KEMSTER-EVANS FOR **DUNLOP**

# Jack BARCLAY

LIMITED

BERKELEY SQUARE

The Largest Official Retailers of ROLLS-ROYCE & BENTLEY



It is our desire to sell only the World's best cars—Rolls-Royce and Bentley. That is why our new London Showrooms are devoted exclusively to these famous cars. We can show you the best selection of new and used cars, and offer exceptional after sales service. You are welcome to call, or write for our Stock List.

**MAYFAIR 7444**

SERVICE WORKS: LIBERTY 7322

*For special occasions*



**PLAYER'S  
No. 3**

*The Quality Cigarette*

*Scotch  
Whisky  
at its best*



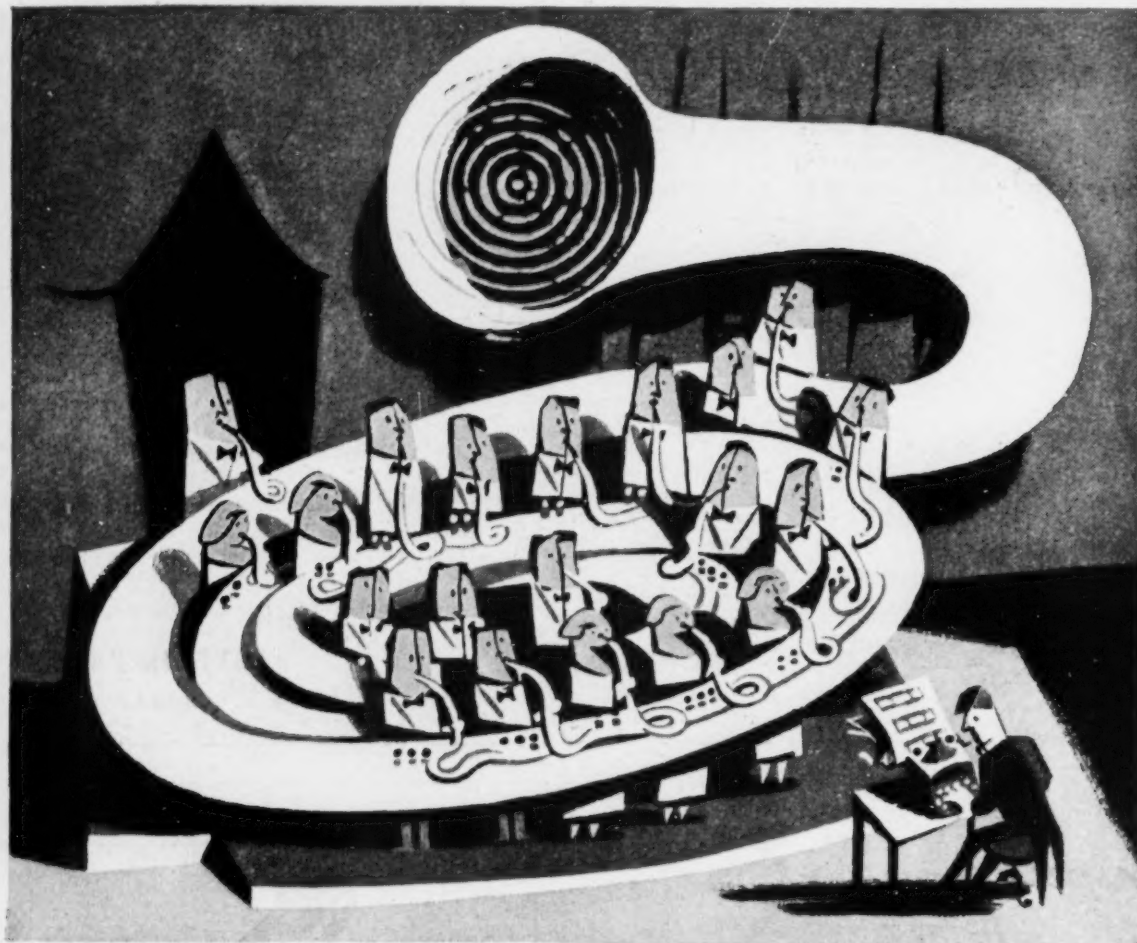
In these days of changing values it warms the heart to know that even one old friend stays the same, year in and year out. Old Angus will never grow any younger; you can rely on that.

**OLD ANGUS**

*A Noble Scotch—Blended for Connoisseurs*







## MUSIC AND THE COMMON MAN

# Schweppshire shows the Way

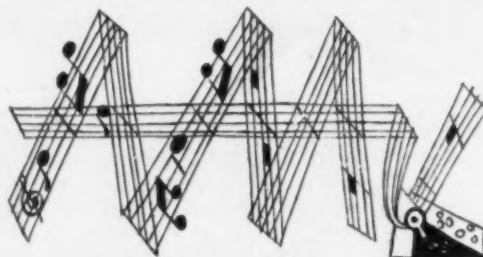
### 4 SPONTANEOUS COLLECTIVE SELF-EXPRESSION

Once more, Schweppshire anticipates the era of progress—the century of the common, or fairly common, man. The making of music is not left to the individual freak, the isolated and probably introverted and ego-bound “composer”, standing or wishing to stand apart from his fellow men. Musical creation is a spontaneous act evolved from the group-will, by the group-will, for the group-will.

In this simplified illustration of the poly-omni-panhorn, musical group-creation is seen at work. Mass extemporising is co-ordinated, not by the domineering baton of the conductor (tawdry effigy of the old slave habit or leader-and-led mentality) but by the “unanimity of the common spout”

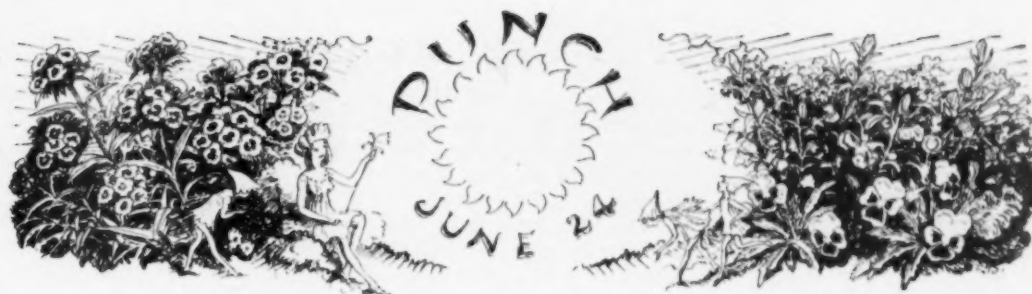
The effect of omnipolyphonic music is difficult to describe to those whose ear, brought up to the “tum-ti-tum” of Hindemith or Berg, is not trained to receive four-dimensional

sound; nor is its scripting easy. The scribe or *Übereinstimmung-schreibgerätsmann* (right-hand corner) must be specially trained. For his three-dimensional notation (see inset) he uses a three-dimensional typewriter.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



## CHARIVARIA

**I**N an attempt to draw off some of the Continental tourist traffic from London the village of Sandhurst, Kent, is putting up notices in French. Just how far the idea will go is not yet decided, but some dubious head-shaking is reported from the oldest inhabitant.



Much painstaking thought must go into the weekly compilation of *The British National Bibliography*, a classified register of all new books deposited at the Copyright Office of the

British Museum. Students of the Biography section in a recent issue, however, may be tempted to challenge the inclusion in the sub-division titled "Men not associated with any Special Subject" of the name of CASANOVA, Giovanni Giacomo.

A fourpenny weekly is now publishing pictures in three dimensions, with the necessary coloured glasses thrown in free. Its publicity speaks of luscious, dewy, full-colour, full-size roses; of a ballerina dancing a dream of becoming a gangster's moll; of lovelies flying through the air with the greatest of Tease, shooting chutes and almost leaving the page. Urging the public not to miss all this at any price, it adds that 4d is almost absurd. 3d is getting pretty silly, too.

A medical writer refers to the limpness and listlessness which always overtake him in a hot, dry summer. Our advice would be to avoid morbid introspection of this kind, reflecting instead on the blessing of a truly remarkable memory.

cc

It is reported from America that the U.S. Army has eight thousand miles of war surplus rope, and would welcome an offer to buy. Failing that, would Senator McCarthy accept an unsolicited gift?

### Anybody's Guess

"There are only two ways in which the Russian and east German authorities can meet this new situation. One is by much more drastic concessions to the population of east Germany than any which have so far been suggested, and the other is by repression. Of the two courses the second seems the most likely to be adopted."

Leader in *The Times*,  
June 18

"In the Kremlin there will be... two schools of thought. There will be the men who favour a return to the old, tough Stalinist policy... And on the other hand there will be those who counsel a continuing pursuit of a policy of conciliation. The arguments of those who favour continued conciliation are likely to prevail."

Leader in the *Daily Express*,  
June 18

The helicopter sent to fetch the Mayor of Brighton to a reception in H.M.S. *Eagle*, lately lying off the town, landed over the boundary in Hove. By telling the pilot to go up again and come down in the right borough the Mayor has gained fame as an authority on municipal etiquette: his advice is certain to be sought over a forthcoming ceremony in Warwickshire, where, according to *The Birmingham Post*, "A Public Seat, presented by the Standing Conference of Women's Organizations, will be accepted by the Mayor of Leamington."





**P**ROFESSOR JEREMIAH VLADIVOSTOCK, that justly famous authority on English social history, has lately, I understand, been working on an unusually interesting and apposite piece of research. He discovered almost by chance that soon after the introduction of printing by Caxton a controversy arose as to whether printing was not too important, in the possibilities it offered in the way of influencing and amusing people, to be entrusted to private hands. The participants in this controversy were, it appears, decidedly eminent at the time, though their subsequent obscurity has made it impossible to find out much about them.

Their arguments are particularly interesting in view of the similar controversy which has arisen in connection with television. Like Mr. Herbert Morrison and other politicians whose sensitivity is such that they pale at the slightest hint or suggestion of vulgarity or "commercialism" on the television screen, they were appalled by the prospect of the reading matter which might be offered to people if printing were to be in private hands, and governed solely by the profit motive.

In the event, they were overruled, and all their worst fears were soon realized. But how fortunate for them and for us if it had proved otherwise! Think of all the error, lewdness and positive subversion which has been made available in the printed word by publishers and editors who knew no other consideration but their pockets. If only for instance, Shakespeare's works, before being published, had been subjected to the careful scrutiny of someone as cultivated, as nice in his judgments and as concerned for the public good as Lord Reith, we should have been spared those

## SPONSORS BEGAN WITH CAXTON

passages of violence, lechery and incoherence which mar otherwise admirable plays like *King Lear* and *Timon of Athens*. Again, it cannot be doubted that Swift, Defoe, Boswell, Congreve and Fielding (to mention no others) would all have been lavishly pruned, if not eliminated; while foreign writers of dubious reputation like Rabelais and Cervantes, not to mention Dostoevsky and Marcel Proust, would certainly not have been accorded an unrestricted circulation.

In the case of the daily and periodical Press, the advantages of public control would have been even more marked. Indeed, it cannot but seem extraordinary that so powerful an instrument in the guidance and control of public opinion should have been left, as it has, largely in private hands. Consider the advantages to one and all if there were but a single newspaper of the type of *The Times* instead of competing ones all seeking to outdo one another in their sensational presentation of news and in pandering to the lowest appetite for salacity and intimate details about distinguished or notorious contemporaries.

How excellent it would be to have an editor who was also a public servant, carefully chosen by a

Selection Board for his moderation, gentility and sense of responsibility! Who can doubt that in such circumstances the choice would fall on someone like Lord Halifax, or possibly Sir Oliver Franks, rather than on the type of pushing, rumbustious journalist who too often nowadays is liable to occupy an editorial chair in Fleet Street?

It can, of course, be argued that the existing variety of newspapers does not matter because each individual can choose the one which is to his taste, and spare himself the suffering and humiliation of looking at ones which offend. This, however, is a fallacious argument. The purpose should be, in this age of enlightenment, rather, like the B.B.C., to guide the public towards what will improve their minds than to allow them to indulge their own base desires without let or hindrance.

The same considerations apply to book publishing. It is a truism to speak of the immense influence which has been exerted by individual books and authors. Here is a powerful weapon indeed in shaping judgments, values and opinions, and surely it should not be left to commercial publishers to wield it. Consider how different our plight to-day might be if, say, Lord Beveridge or Lord Waverley or Lady Violet Bonham Carter had been made head of a State Publishing House, with all rival enterprises as illegal as private distilleries.

Such highly formative influences as theatres, concerts and sport, too, are conducted according to the whim of individual impresarios, with the result that you get people, for instance, listening to the Crazy Gang or watching some vulgar football or boxing match, when they might be following a lecture by Professor Arnold Toynbee, or one of Mr. Dimpleby's dignified accounts of a public event, or some new and elevating composition like Mr. Benjamin Britten's new opera *Gloriana*. Surely, it would be a most retrograde step to allow television to go the same way.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE



"Sponsor it, don't sponsor it,  
do what you like with it!..."





DIVIDED WE FALL



*Symphonic music: a compound of the National Anthem, Rule Britannia, and The Lambeth Walk.*

FADE IN on a replica of the old English Leopard Building: the headquarters of Lansdowne-Grosvenor Pictures.

LANSDOWNE, a middle-aged dispirited man, enters the building: CAMERA follows him down its corridors. After this initial flourish it need scarcely move at all, in the best British cinema tradition.

Everyone LANS. meets hails him by name, to establish his identity. He enters his office. GROSVENOR rises from a desk above which are crossed Union Jacks.)

LANS. (to establish Gro's identity). Morning, Grosvenor. (After this he calls him Sam throughout the picture.)

GRO. (with choleric heartiness). 'Bout time you got here. We've a new assignment. Biographical.

Patriotic. Must be about type-figure of English history. Any ideas?

LANS. Plenty.

GRO. Such as?

LANS. That we do something worthwhile, for a change.

GRO. Realistic, eh? (sneering). French Director, what?

LANS. (defiantly). Yes, or an Italian.

GRO. You forget I direct all our films. You merely write 'em.

LANS. Listen, Sam. We'd ideals once. Integrity. We wanted to make British pictures the best in the world. Remember?

GRO. (softening). Yes, I remember, Fred. Those were the days. . .

(FLASHBACKS to excerpts from early L-G films, each taking ten mins., thus wasting an hour of screen time. LANS. and GRO., as young men, eagerly reading reviews in high-brow weeklies: being congratulated by critics from "Times" and "Observer." All are dressed in quaint period costumes of early nineteen-thirties. DISSOLVE back to present.)

GRO. Our films mirrored the face and spirit of England. They became part of the Great British heritage. . .

LANS. And during the war. . .

(A siren wails OVERSCENE. More FLASHBACKS and excerpts: members of Armed Forces applauding L-G films about the Services, while massed bands play "We're Going to Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line" and "Bless 'em All." DISSOLVE back to office.)

GRO. Not forgetting our saga on the Civil Service. But that was long ago, Fred. Sir Augustus wants movies like stage-plays now. We've

got to compete with the dullness of Television, see? (walking irritably up and down). Henry VIII, Wellington, Clive, Queen Victoria, Nelson, Captain Bligh. . . all been done! Can't you think of a good dull British subject, Fred?

LANS. Duller than Friese-Greene?

GRO. This is serious, Sam. Pitt, Scott, Florence Nightingale. . . (at each name he smashes a piece of furniture). . . Stanley and Livingstone, Gilbert and Sullivan. . . Damn it, there must be SOMEONE left!

LANS. (bitterly). How about Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle?

GRO. (breaking his typewriter with a blow of his fist). By Jiminy, Fred, you've given me the idea! We'll make a picture about us!

LANS. No action. Too slow.

GRO. Just the ticket! A pageant of British films! And I can throw a temperament now and then to liven it up! Freddy, my boy—Gus'll go wild about this!

LANS. Here he is now.

(SIR AUGUSTUS enters picture, wearing the order of St. Michael and St. George. He is smoking a cigar and speaks with a polyglot accent.)

Sir A. (looking round wrecked office). Well, boys, been working, I see.

GRO. Sir Augustus, I've the idea of a lifetime. . .

SIR A. Half a tick, Sam. Something to show Fred (hands LANS. a newspaper). Look at the Honours List. Services to British Motion Pix. Congrats, Sir Frederick!

GRO. A knighthood? For him? But what about ME?



"How do I get to Harridges?"

(He clutches at his collar, staggers, and collapses in a heap.)

LANS. (starting forward). Sam—what is it . . . ? Sam!

Sir A. (rising from beside GRO.). Too late, Fred—he's a goner!

LANS. (kneeling down). Sam . . . (he sobs brokenly).

Sir A. The end of a beautiful friendship. If only he'd looked, his name was in the Honours too . . .

LANS. You mean . . . ?

Sir A. (nodding). Sir Samuel. We could've all been knights together (going towards phone). Well, we'll need a new director now. I'll get on to Sir Carol right away.

LANS. No—wait! It was his picture—he shall have his name on it after all.

(He takes down a Union Jack from the wall and covers GRO.'s body. An invisible choir sings "There'll Always be an England." Tear-gas is disseminated over audience to produce appropriate reaction.)

Sir A. (looking at his watch). Make it snappy, Fred! We're over running time already.

The scene FADES and CREDIT TITLES appear:

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED  
by

SIR FREDERICK LANSDOWNE  
and

(The late) SIR SAMUEL GROSVENOR

(LANS. walks on to screen and makes a bow. Beside him, superimposed, is the ghost of GRO. dressed as a knight in shining armour. He raises his visor and smiles proudly at the sobbing and choking audience.)

FADE OUT

J. MACLAREN-ROSS

"Game Cock V—the tug that got its name at Cammell Laird's, Birkenhead, shipyard yesterday—was stubborn. So Miss A. C. Edwards . . . daughter of the managing director of North-West Tugs, after naming her, just pushed. And with the help of a little hammering by shipyard men she slid down into the Mersey."

Daily Express picture caption

Well, that's public life.



"It's no use ringing—they're away."

## MEMORANDA

DO you remember the turn,  
Carruthers,  
Do you remember the turn?  
And the slowing, hardly knowing  
Where on earth we were going,  
And the man with the can and the  
little pony-van,  
Pouring his milk from a churn?  
The man who hailed us both like  
brothers?  
Do you remember the turn,  
Carruthers,  
Do you remember the turn?  
And the shock of the clock, and the  
gilt weather-cock,  
And the slow sweet showers  
Of lime-tree flowers;  
And the smith and the maid  
And the chap with the spade

And the three slow-speaking village  
mothers,  
All quite clear we should come down  
here—  
Do you remember the turn,  
Carruthers,  
Do you remember the turn?  
You will,  
Carruthers,  
You will,  
When we go back up the  
hill;  
You will recall  
Clock, cock and wall,  
Very pretty, too, but still  
Not our turn,  
Carruthers,  
After all.

D. MATTAM





## St. Stephen's at Sea

THE prefects at Westminster had given Them a whole holiday. There was to be a treat by the seaside, at Spithead. They assembled at Victoria, each with a label tied on to him, recording, lest he forget it, his name, his destination, his cloakroom number and the name of his dormitory—or whatever it might be—when he got there. Carrying waterproofs, according to the instructions, They filed on to the special, which puffed its halting way, after the manner of specials, in the direction of Portsmouth Harbour.

They sat in their compartments, talking nervously about hats. The Fleet—the Naval She—was to be “dressed overall” in flags and furbelows and other brands of finery. Thus the civilian She, lest the Navy be outshone, was for once to be underdressed overall. The instructions said “subdued,” and only a few dared compete, crowning their heads with turquoise birds or scarlet pill-boxes.

It was the gentlemen who were worried. The Houses of Parliament have a yacht club, which boasts more yachting-caps than yachts,

and these some wore, fidgeting with the peaks in a self-conscious, un-seamanlike style. Others tested the breeze, and grew tormented by visions of their soft hats wafted away on it, down the Solent. A Whitehall knight defied it with a bowler, as immovable as a stanchion. An ambassador, his head grown too big for his yachting-cap, defied the Navy with a tweed cloth cap. A peer, un-Britishly, flaunted a beret.

They sat in their compartments, mugging up their instructions, which the officers of the aircraft-carrier *Perseus* had couched for their benefit in simple civilian language. Port, it was explained, meant left and starboard right. Lest They panic on board calm words reassured them: “There is no need to worry unduly if you cannot find your way, as ship’s officers and attendants (including ladies) will always be available.” “Abaft,” just to make Them feel at home, was St. Stephen’s Tavern and Snack Bar, “where no doubt a considerable amount of lobbying will be indulged in and, we hope, to everyone’s satisfaction.” A map displayed such

amenities as a powder room, though whether for face or gunpowder was not made clear.

Swallowing anti-seasickness pills, They were loaded on to a tug and put out to sea, chugging a swift, sure way past the bell-buoys, between the skyscraping frontages and towering steeples of some two hundred men-of-war. Beyond *Theseus* and *Magnificent*, between *Sydney* and *Adamant*, lay *Perseus*, and alone on her quarter-deck, like an ample impresario welcoming his public, stood a star of Parliamentary television.

“Good heavens!” exclaimed a rival star. “It’s that man Boothby. How did he get there before us?”

They crawled up the gangway at a civilian speed which the sailors, with courteous impatience, tried to hurry; ducked beneath a girder over which, banking on the perversity of landmen, they had placed a notice, “Don’t Mind Your Heads”; then entered upon an unending perspective of palatial halls, lined with buffets and painted in Wedgwood colours, from which some hundreds of aircraft had been curtly ejected. Flowers had been

arranged, with commendable spryness, by the sailors themselves. There were massed parades of bottles.

"What," said a hungry voice, "will the food be like?"

"It's not Naafi," said another. "I see no baked beans on toast."

"I'm told there's a wonderful boar's head."

"Which bore . . .?"

It was Navy, not Naafi. Appetites were gratified with mounds of curry and rounds of beef, sides of ham and pyramids of strawberries. The Wrens, deputed to dispense this tuck-in, had been shipwrecked, or something. So it was all hands to the buffet, and lavish stokers pouring out not rum by the tot but hock by the pint.

Surfeit induced an appetite for ozone, and They crawled up to sun themselves, in a grandstand on deck. With equanimity They learned, from the loud-speaker, that the escape hatches were now closed.

With emotion they listened to an ear-splitting salute of twenty-one guns two hundred times multiplied, and surveyed a Turneresque seascape, featuring an Italian sailing ship, manned to the yard-arms and wreathed in smoke like the *Fighting Temeraire*.

An officer chatted confidently over the microphone, filling in the pauses, in professional B.B.C. style, with miscellaneous comment: "It is raining at Nottingham and there will be no play to-day in the Test Match . . . I have read in the papers that the Russian battleship *Sverdlov* anchored six times quicker than our ships and all by instruments. I hope it's not true . . . In a few minutes the Royal yacht will be passing us from left to right—that is to say from bow to stern . . ."

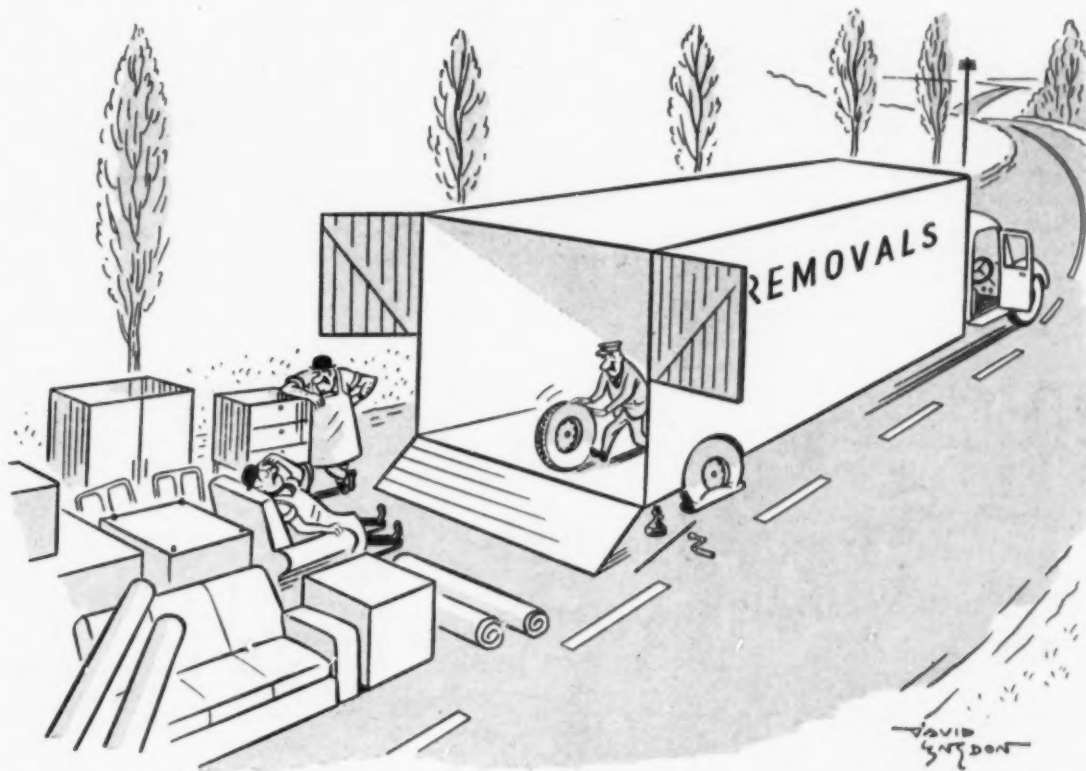
So a silent white Queen sailed past, and the sailors, standing like ninepins, raised their caps and barked three cheers. Then regular patterns of dots in the sky became Dragonflies and Fireflies, Sea Furies

and Sea Hornets, Wyverns and Gannets, screaming overhead. Then a brass band of adolescent sailors marched past, playing python-like instruments which looked like devouring them. Unfortunately there was no march-past of the stars of Parliamentary television.

"If only," said a peeress, "we were all sailing straight off to-night, to the Mediterranean!" But tugs came to take Them away. Americans cheered from the *Baltimore*, Frenchmen waved from the *Montcalm*, Russians stared from the *Sverdlov*. The outing was at an end.

In the train the enemies of State control were pensive. The Royal Navy had made it clear that they are masters of all trades and jacks of none: masters even of the trades of entertainment and catering. The only answer is for the jacks of Private Enterprise to buy up an obsolete aircraft-carrier, moor it by Westminster Pier, and get sailors to run it as a *palais de danse*.

KINROSS



## FASTING CAN FILL . . .

**T**HE best sauce for food is hunger, says Socrates. Willi Schmitz must have read this aphorism, but he reconstrued it into the "best source for food is hunger." Willi fasts for a living, and a very good living at that. Schmitz aspires to be the terror of all professional artists who try to rivet attention by fasting. For all that, Willi is not a popular man in Europe, for people's memories of empty stomachs in the lean post-war years are still fresh. His manager, however, Willi Zergers, knows all the arguments. "You got something there," he assents whenever people decry this whole business as being grotesque, "but after all, there are madder persons than Schmitz. He is only satisfying a demand for morbid curiosity."

Not long ago Schmitz gave a short farewell party to a small gathering of spectators and then allowed himself to be entombed in his glass case. "I want to set up a record," he said, "and stay without food for eighty-one days." Everyone, of course, knew why he was trying to beat his own record: there was the irresistible bait of 100,000 dollars offered by an eccentric American to anyone who could stay without food for that period. Strictly speaking, Therese Neumann, of Konnersreuth, the well-known stigmatist, could carry off the prize,

for she had eaten next to nothing for twenty-five years, but she falls under a different class altogether. Schmitz does it for a living. Therese Neumann fasts because she has no wish to eat, and, in the words of Luther, "can do no other."

Schmitz always goes into training before he starts his serious fast. During training he stays with his ageing mother in Krefeld. She feeds him with clear soup. "You can't fast with a leg of mutton inside of you," he says. His last record was in Frankfurt-on-Main, where he fasted for seventy-eight days and three hours. Everybody thought that record would stand at least a year or two, but then came the sad news from Italy. One Rai Can, self-appointed fakir, had outdone him by a few hours; but Schmitz sees in Marindrah Burmah, a Yogi, his real competitor. "I shall beat him if I have to burn snow to do it," says Schmitz, a little illogically, but then there is little logic in the whole business.

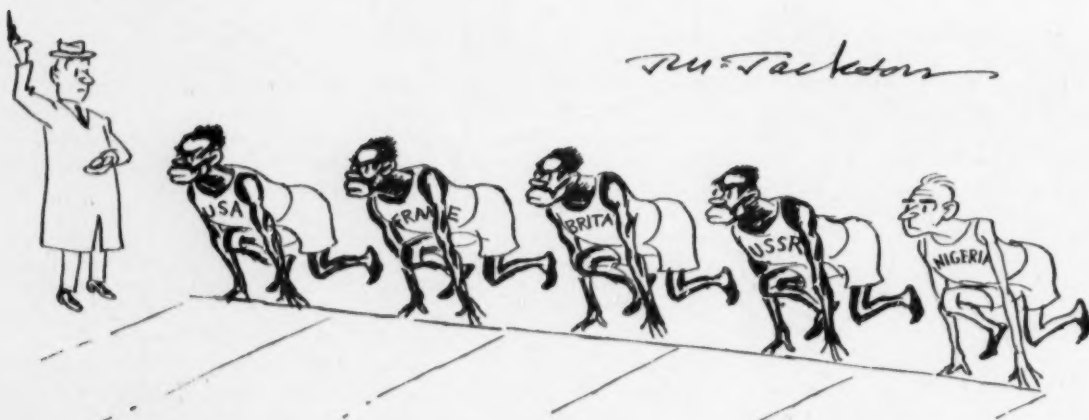
There is a long-standing feud between the Yogi and Schmitz, the plebeian locksmith. While Schmitz was hungering in Frankfurt Zoo, to the benign and pitying smiles of monkeys, Marindrah Burmah sent unfriendly notes from Lille, where he was also fasting at the time. "Schmitz must learn how to go on

a diet," the Yogi said caustically, "before he goes on a fast."

It must be the difference in method that has caused this virulence between the two men. They seem to get joy out of wherretting each other. The Yogi claims to have learnt the art from a genuine Indian fakir. Schmitz says he began dieting because of a stomach complaint. "I kept thinking about it and finally it occurred to me that there was money in eating nothing. Look at all the chaps who have written best-sellers on dieting!"

The stomach complaint paid off in Frankfurt: Schmitz won by a mile with his seventy-eight-day fast, while the Yogi had to break off his fast after seventeen days. Apparently the huffy notes he sent to the Press about his rival debilitated his strength. The Yogi excused himself by saying that one of his pythons became hungry and he could not see the reptile suffer. "Ridiculous!" snorts Schmitz. "Why does he go to such farcical lengths to display his prowess?"

Schmitz should not have said that, for some spectator suggested he emulate the fakir who does not go on a fast unless his two faithful pythons are ensconced with him, together with a hundred vipers. Instead of lying on feathers the Yogi reclines on a bed of glass





fragments knocked into pieces from sixty-five wine bottles.

"All right, you peeping Toms!" Schmitz exclaimed, "I'll go one better than that. I shall go on a fast looking at delicious victuals while my mouth waters." He had shelves of mouth-watering comestibles affixed to his glass coffin and people experienced a sadistic thrill whenever they saw him lick his lips.

When it was whispered that Schmitz was secretly feeding from vipers' eggs, the fakir just laughed. "A good rumour, but absolutely not true. Schmitz would not know a viper from a glass-snake."

The fact of the matter is that several of Burmah's vipers died of hunger in their glass cage. Burmah successfully passed the critical stages. The vipers were not in the same Lenten mood.

When Burmah called off his hunger strike he decided to get engaged instead. Meanwhile Schmitz was still entertaining sight-seers who were particularly impressed with the goldfish in the glass cage. There were rumours that Schmitz popped them into his mouth when no one was looking, and that the aquarium was being replenished every day. But that was hardly possible as the coffin was sealed down by a notary. When the fast was terminated, Dr. Obert, a physician, certified that Schmitz's weight had been reduced from a hundred-and-seventy-five to ninety-eight pounds and that his patient was suffering from a mild dose of hallucinations.

Schmitz's ex-manager, Paul Hohmann, could not take it and fell into a faint. This encouraged Schmitz to raise the entrance price to 1s. 8d., a hundred-per-cent increase. During one of his fasting days Schmitz smokes eighty cigarettes and drinks three bottles of aerated water. His average daily takings amount to £6, but this does not impress his son Franz, a railway conductor, who told newspapermen that he preferred punching tickets rather than following his father's hair-brained profession. "I must admit, though, that the old man has hit on a gold mine with his hunger trick," he adds. Franz is referring



"Playing soldiers isn't what it used to be."

to the time the city council of Krefeld prohibited Schmitz from exhibiting his hunger feat. Schmitz sued and the court awarded him £180 damages! £180 for not being allowed to fast for four days is a goodly sum any day.

Schmitz does have a sense of humour, and when I read him the famous lines of Robbins, who wrote the "Lines for the Hall of Fame Ceremony," he smiled imperceptibly.

*"We toil for fame,  
We live on crusts,  
We make a name,  
Then we are busts."*

"Bust my foot," he said. "I'll bust that fake fakir."

Which seems to suggest that Germans and professional hunger strikers have their own brand of humour.

MARK GRANT

### Three-way Stretch

"ESTHER WILLIAMS  
VICTOR MATURE—WALTER PIDGEON  
IN  
'THE ONE-PIECE  
BATHING SUIT'"

Advt. outside a London cinema

## Letter from a Regular Writer

The Editor, Sunday Express

DEAR SIR,—It's a bit of a waste really, starting off with Dear Sir and that. I expect you'll only print a portion of it again, same as when I sent in four pages on cooking smells and all you put in the paper was "My hubby likes onions middle-day. (Mrs.) Annie Gleamly, E.17." But you know me, never say die.

I take up my pen to thank you for that fashion photo the other Sunday, more of a drawing, really, I suppose it was, and the written piece with it, as I am sure millions felt like me that your paper once more did its readers proud. There's a lady and gent in this drawing having a chat, with a Comet at the back. Because it says the new travel is jet travel and an airport is a typical setting for our speedy, spacious lives in 1953, though, of course, they've arrived by motor, as it says, in a light, open sports car, the car of the age, the car of youth, and a poodle with them because, it says, pekes and poms are in the fashionable doldrums as the poodle booms, fancy.

Now when you say, in the written piece, that these are the new Elizabethians, it's funny, because the lady in the drawing is the dead spit of our Carol, especially where it says about the clothes being casual. (Carol wrote to you, remember, June 46, on what they were learning her in domestic science at school,

heat of oven, use of finger-bowls, getting mustard off underside of washing-up etc., and pasted in her scrap-book the cutting of it that said, "I hate cabbage. Carol Gleamly (aged nine). E.17.")

But will she see it? Not her. Opiniated, young girls. Look, Carol, I said. This sketch, I said. Here's you off out with Bert, by jet, in your tea-cosy suit, with Bert's light, open sports tandem, the bike of youth, at the back. Bert's gay and gallant, it says here, with horsey clothes and a carnation and a roll-brimmed bowler balanced on the bridge of his nose just like on the beach at Broadstairs when the sun gets strong for his eyes. But she won't see it. Not even the short narrow trousers. Turns sulky. Says I'm getting at her. Not real people at all, these, she says. Never see any of them at the Palais, no, nor the Rink, neither. Listen, my girl, I say, this is in the *paper*, I say, not one of your trashy fourpenny books, I say, so not so superior, if you please. And incidentally if that Bert's coming round to-night you might tell him the drain's stopped up again in the yard and can't he make a proper job of it.

I see in the back of the picture, only just noticed, a lady coming off the aeroplane looking as if she's stood up through the hole in the top of a tent to make a raincoat just like Carol's old school mac she's lost the belt off of, but she'd never see it. None so blind, I always say.

Me, I'm glad to glory in being a new Elizabethian, like your piece says. Madam, the roses are blooming for you once again, it says. There is a Queen on the throne and like the glamour of a star-dusted night after a dull and cheerless day your reign as a woman blossoms with hers, it says . . . The silks and satins are whispering and the jewellery is twinkling the promise of gayer times.



at  
oted  
ity can  
sering.

this jet age?  
17, Drown St.,  
Newton, Lincs.

R. Toke.

### Real Life

I SHALL continue a reader because your paper reflects real life. (Mrs.) A. Gleamly, London, E.17.

### Black Sunday?

SURELY it is about time fair consideration was given to the

h  
thei  
have  
ever  
second  
my iro  
I can  
have s  
this v  
One t  
altho  
So

And men-about-town, it says, are peacocking around in waistcoats of satin, velvet and brocade, just the job to show off my Fred's dart-medals I must say. It says that men have treated us like doormats but now it's going to be all different, with champagne and chivalry and that, which reminds me I once sent you three and a half pages on more humane treatment for ladies queuing at the jug-and-bottle and why not shelters on wet days, though you missed the point as per usual and only printed the portion reading "Grandma is 79 and downs a small stout in four swallows. (Mrs.) A. Gleamly, E.17."

Never mind, let bygones be bygones, and better luck this time, maybe. Anyway I shall continue a reader because your paper reflects real life, which being by the way I don't expect you'll print. The piece and the picture were a fair treat, what with roses blooming and poodles booming and Carol and Bert turning out to be new Elizabethians without knowing it. The only thing upsets me a bit is where your writer says it won't be long before men remember to lay their cloaks in the mud again, because the last time my Fred laid his cloak in the mud was round the side entrance of the Talbot, VJ-night, and he was inside it.

Which reminds me he'll be in any time now, so cheerio and excuse scrawl, as I am dotting this down at the draining-board with one eye on the sausage-toad and the other listening for his footstep in the star-dusted night. (Mrs.) Annie Gleamly, E.17.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



*Mr. J. Fred Mugs receiving an honorary degree at Oxford University in recognition of his notable services to the B.B.C.*



## WITH THE LID OFF

**Q**UIZ-MINDED readers may like to hazard a guess at the source of the following quotation: "To say more would be to anticipate Mr. Fox—we will content ourselves with a confident expression of the worthy standard of our national contribution."

Pitt? Burke? Rockingham? Lord North? Or could it be a sarcastic shaft from the tiresome Junius?

No marks. The ringing phrases come, as every sanitary inspector knows, from the June issue of *Public Cleansing and Salvage*, the monthly journal of the Institute of Public Cleansing. The Mr. Fox referred to is, of course, Mr. Cyril Fox, F.Inst.P.C., of Sheffield, not his dropsical Holland House namesake.

We live too much in watertight compartments content with our own small interests, not knowing and not caring how the tide of battle rolls in a thousand arenas beyond the narrow confines of our homes and offices. It is all very well to say, as the Journal does, that "We often hear it claimed that in general Britain leads the world in public cleansing." We hear nothing of the kind. In refuse-collecting circles, no doubt, some such claim is frequently put about by enthusiastic hotheads and gently disputed by older, broader-minded men with a lifetime's experience of rubbish behind them. But the general public, obstinately shutting its ears, remains complacently ignorant of the very existence of the claim, let alone the extent of its justification.



In the fight to make the public more rubbish-conscious this paper has no need to be ashamed of its record. As recently as last April the gage was thrown down in these columns on behalf of the Dustmen of Derby, while in 1937 the present writer drew attention to the refuse-tipping system of Dudley—at that time so far ahead of its rivals that, in the words of the Town Clerk, "a man came from Shanghai only the other week to see it." But past achievements can be no excuse for present inaction, or for the adoption of a smug "holier-than-thou" attitude *vis-à-vis* the man in the street.

A glance through the pages of *Public Cleansing and Salvage* is enough to show how ignorant even we here in Bouverie Street are of what the Journal finely calls "the myriad-sided problem of cleansing," how much remains to do before the public shakes off its lethargy and awakes to the romance and the challenge of refuse-disposal.

## "PROGRAMME OF RESEARCH"

The Institute is initiating an ambitious programme of research, and the Council are appointing leaders who will be charged with the task of co-ordinating the efforts of all those who are able to assist . . .

The following list of subjects has now been finally approved by the Council, and it is hoped that work on these will commence immediately:

(1) *The Galvanized Dustbin*—the effect of gauge and design on the life of the dustbin, and the comparative bin life with various substitutes for galvanizing."



The Council list fourteen subjects for research, but the first will perhaps suffice to take the reader's breath away. The ordinary man's interest in his dustbin is superficial and transitory. He takes the lid off, gives the perforated receptacle he carries a sharp tap against the inner rim, and discharges a shower of fishbones quaintly decked with tea-leaves into the repellent interior. Then, with a slight shudder, he replaces the lid, observing too late that a quantity of potato peelings covered with some kind of white sauce still remain in the receptacle. That is all. He goes indoors, and washes his hands, metaphorically and literally, of the whole business. He does not pause for an instant to consider the consequences of his action upon the bin life. Of the gauge and design of the bin he is woefully ignorant; probably could not make a rough sketch of the thing, or jot down its dimensions, to save his life. It is his own bin, and he cares for none of these things. Yet the Council cares. It is profoundly interested both in the shape of his bin and in its contents. It is ready at any time to take off the lid without a shudder and peer eagerly down into the depths. It will get right inside with a microscope, if necessary. "It would be an advantage," says the Council in a footnote, "if the services of a chemist could be obtained to examine the effects of varying proportions of deleterious substances upon the protective coating of the bin."

Here are a keenness and a selfless devotion to an ideal wholly admirable. The Journal bristles with examples not less remarkable. The eye is caught by phrases—"the gospel of compost," "gutter miles per eight-hour shift," "high degree of sweeping efficiency," "problem of ensuring that angular articles will go down the chute"—all of them breathing the very spirit of enthusiastic, forward-looking sanitation. To read *Public Cleansing* is to get a fascinating glimpse of a world within a world, a world of men who do not turn up their noses at rubbish as we weaker vessels do, but who weigh it and measure it and screen it and wash it and cost it and talk about it from morning till night, of men who will flock to Edinburgh to see films of the clearing-up of the Coronation route after the procession, and to hear a paper (in Dutch) on "Some Economic Aspects of Refuse Disposal in the Netherlands."

We need such men, by all accounts. Three hundred tons of litter were deposited in the Coronation area during the fortnight after June 1st. And—just in case Londoners think that that is what happens when uneducated people from the provinces invade their city—the Minister of Works recently told M.P.s that they "ought to have seen the state of Westminster Abbey at 5 p.m., on June 2nd." There's a thought to end on—all the good and great, the best and brightest in the land assembled for an historic ceremony, stuffing their sandwich-wrappings under the seats and dropping toffee papers from aristocratic fingers on the floor of a sacred building. It doesn't seem to set a particularly worthy standard—

But to say more might be to anticipate Mr. Fox.

H. F. ELLIS



## ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT

**S**O bad was the weather during the first few weeks of the twenty-first season of the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park that the Arts Council was persuaded to stave off the threat of closing down by granting a further £1,000 against losses incurred. Should the monsoons continue, the actors will be ready primed with lines from the three plays in the repertory—*Twelfth Night*, *Love's Labour's Lost* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—to meet any emergency:

**PRODUCER:** This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring place.

**LEADING MAN:**

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm,  
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale.

(*Surveying auditorium*)

Your mistresses dare never come in rain  
For fear their colours should be wash'd away,  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field  
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green  
For lack of tread are indistinguishable,

**LEADING LADY:**

Can any face of brass hold longer out  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon?

**STAGE MANAGER:**

I'll stay with patience, but the time is long.  
O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

**LEADING MAN (to PRODUCER):**

Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?  
Some entertainment for them in their tents?  
First, from the park let us conduct them thither,  
From these that my poor company detest.  
In the South suburbs, at the Elephant,\*  
Is best to lodge.

**OMNES:**

To the Elephant.

For the rain it raineth every day.

F. L. M.

\* By Bakerloo from Regent's Park, or passengers may alight at Waterloo for convenient rendezvous with Old Vic cast.

## CAT'S-MEAT AND GINGERBREAD

**I** FIRST met Mary Margaret McBride in her New York apartment, on Central Park South, at 12.54 p.m., six minutes before she was scheduled to interview me in a "live" broadcast for her 131,900 faithful listeners. As usual, it was to be entirely spontaneous and unscripted; we chatted, but not about the broadcast, for five minutes and fifty-five seconds, and then we were on the air for an hour.

After perhaps half a minute I was entirely at ease. Mary Margaret is perhaps the most fabulous of all the American radio interviewers: she is large, of solid middle age, and exotic—she was wearing, for instance, a brilliantly embroidered jacket and shiny black silk trousers—and the casual observer might not notice the intense degree to which she is keyed up when she is on the job. Her most remarkable quality is her ability to get people to talk, and to keep them talking fluently, interestingly, and without rehearsal.

The Mary Margaret McBride Show is on the air five days a week, from 1 to 2 p.m. Perhaps, as in my case, there is only one guest; perhaps two, or three, or more. Mary Margaret has eleven sponsors, and at some stage in the proceedings she breaks off for ten minutes or so, generally with a little apology, to extol the virtues of their heterogeneous products: gingerbread mix, insurance, Puss-'n-Boots cat-food, ice-cream, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and tinned salmon, for example.

Miss McBride told me when it was all over that, gee, I was terrific; and then that she was coming to Britain for twelve days for the Coronation, and that her programme would be transmitted every day as usual from London. And then she suddenly asked me—this was last February—if I would be able to help her in connection with this visit. She wanted me to be a kind of general factotum: to get in touch with suitable "interviewees" before she arrived, and, while she was in London, to be constantly on tap, to give help or information, and to speak on her programme, as and when required. So I became Mary Margaret's advance-guard for Britain.

During the twelve days of her invasion of London Mary Margaret put out nine programmes, for all the world as though she were still in New York. The B.B.C. lent her a studio, and she spoke at her usual hour—

which, owing to her transference eastward, became 6 p.m. B.S.T.—direct, by short wave, to her listeners in the States. Her guests ranged from G. B. Stern to the Marquess of Bath, and from Ian Hamilton (he who stole the Coronation Stone) to General Omar Bradley and Alfred Noyes.

General Bradley (in full uniform) introduced himself to me with the supremely modest words: "How do you do, sir; I'm General Bradley." With Mary Margaret at Broadcasting House, no one ever knew what was going to happen next. One day we kidnapped Nancy Astor. An official came to the studio and asked "Are you expecting Lady Astor?" "No," said Mary Margaret. "But bring her in."

She did a good sixteen minutes with us there and then, and just reached her scheduled broadcast, in an adjoining studio, in time. Sir Harold Nicolson arrived ten minutes late, when we were already on the air; it happened that the commercials were in full swing. This, I believe, prejudiced him against the whole proceedings, and at first he tried to be disdainful. But he is too good a raconteur to miss any opportunity to entertain, and soon he was well away. This was his first meeting with Mary Margaret and he left the studio before the hour ended; so he has never spoken a word to her off the air, and probably never will.

Every evening, at about 5.30, Mary Margaret arrived at the studio, accompanied by Cynthia Lowry, an American journalist whom she had also taken on her pay-roll, and me. Between then and six o'clock the guests, with luck, arrived. At ten to six we would suddenly "get" New York, and for nine and a half minutes we used the broadcasting system informally as a telephone.

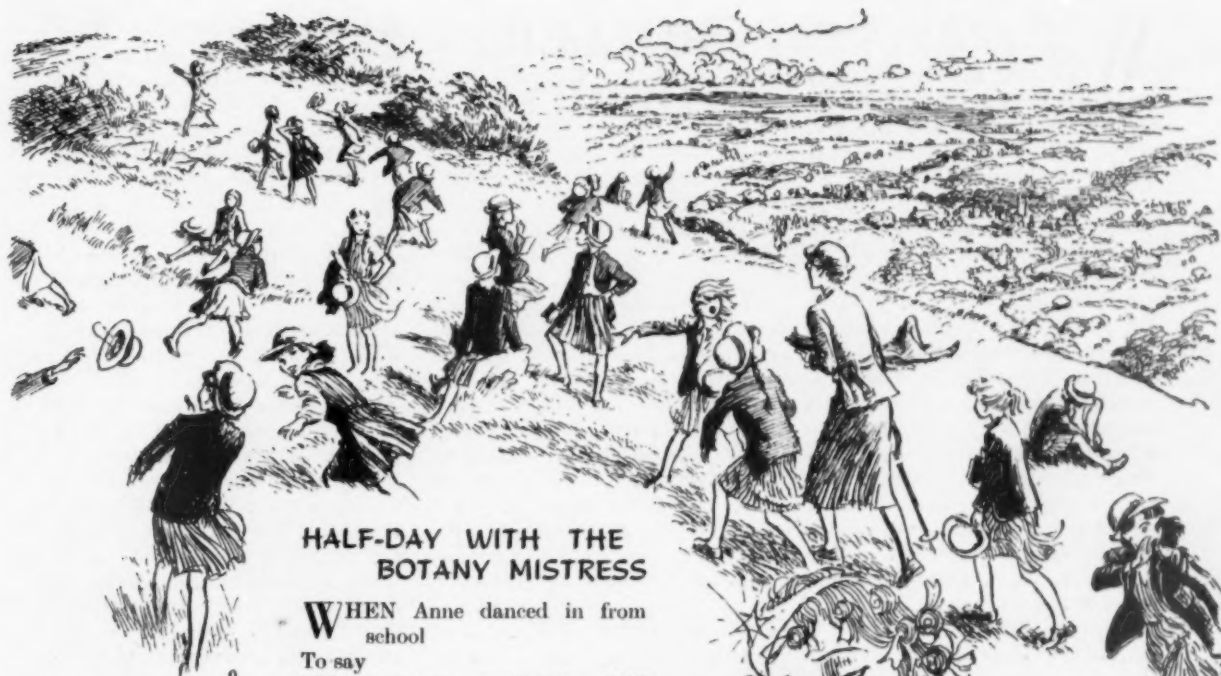
At half a minute to six there would be complete silence till six o'clock, when, magically, on the dot, we would hear Mary Margaret's theme song, which was being played in New York. When it ended she would get the hour going by talking about *herself*: she had been to a dress rehearsal in the Abbey (but had sworn not to divulge details); or she had gone to Buckingham Palace to sign the Queen's visitors' book; or she had tried on the Duchess of Loamshire's coronet ("Can you imagine? *Me*, in a coronet!"). Soon, she would begin to involve her guests in it, and, imperceptibly, concentrating on each in turn, would get them to tell his (or her) anecdotes. At exactly fifteen seconds to seven she would bring the interview to an end. The programme was always rounded off in New York.

On Coronation Day, from her stand in Parliament Square, where a microphone had been installed, Mary Margaret kept up a running commentary for six or seven hours. Then, at her usual time, she assembled her final guests—Lord and Lady Donegall, Lady Reading, and me—and we described the service in the Abbey as each of us had seen it. Next day, Mary Margaret was already in Norway, whence, just as easily as from London, cat's-meat and gingerbread can be admirably advertised.

JOHN GODLEY







# HALF-DAY WITH THE BOTANY MISTRESS

WHEN Anne danced in from school

To say

"We're going on Bredon Hill to-day,"

My Muse raised up her sleepy head, "There's something there for me,"

She said.

"For Anne on Bredon

And a swarm

Of long-legged dryads from her form

Would be a sight that would inspire

Me,

Though I am no Muse of fire."

"In summertime on Bredon Hill!"

Oh, stupid Muse,

Be still, be still.

There's nothing left for you to say Since Housman said it Yesterday.

Lie down, lie down, Muse,

Lie and rest.

Hands, you will serve Anne's beauty best.

Mend her torn gym slip,

Smooth her sheet,

And when she comes home,

Country-sweet,

To this small house where she belongs,

Greet her with strawberries,

Not songs.

PHYLIS BRAMPTON

743



**W**HAT could it be? Steam-rollers? Men in sacks, gee-gees on wheels? But really to find out, one would have to make the journey to Harringay, where, with hockey as the usual call, the ice has been broken.

On a fine evening, then, I emerged from the Tube blinking to find myself in one of those long streets that seem miles away and yet in the thick of it, and up which till recently trams had ploughed. On one side was urban disfigurement; on the other, park railings, through which after a while I spied cricketers. A very white boot was advanced; ball met bat and dropped dead; on the other, a laundered figure strolled to pick up the ball, which was tossed to another, who dollied it to a third. Irresistible, to anyone who has shared in them, these lilies and languors!

Already in the big echoing hall a dozen skaters—ah, roller-skating!—men and girls sportively stripped, were sauntering, weaving, swooping, and even prancing, all on wheels, round the pale-blue rectangular track, curved and banked at the ends. Dance music played at elephants in the roof. The arena was spot-lit, leaving us shadowed, so that I could make little of the rules and procedure minutely retailed by

## ROLLER DERBY

the programme. But from the scattering of stars and stripes and an indefinable swagger, this must be America.

Europe—a Europe, apparently, owing allegiance to the Union Jack—took its place. Now an audience swarmed in, wolf-calls and whistles greeted favourites, and the elephantine music gave way to a mammoth *Voice*, so shaggy and huge that, while it incited us throughout the evening, it may well have been with recitations from *Also Sprach Zarathustra* in the original.

What then happened had to be, by me, gradually picked up, though everyone else, I may say, seemed thoroughly at home. The two teams ran loose, coalesced. Round and round, like that thirtyish tune, they went. A pack would form; a whistle would blow; faster and faster they'd spin, more climactic would grow the voice; and then one racer, seeming to tread glue along the straights and taking the curves at a swoop, would streak or struggle ahead. If within ninety seconds he could overtake adversaries in the pack,

his side would amass points. Then another stroll-round, another jam, an exchange of women for men, and so on.

It had been done, after the First War, on bicycles. From the patience of the trenches had emerged the marathon dancer, the pole-squatter, and the Six Days Cycle Race, with the racers working in pairs to gain laps; no time signals and no horse-play: and in the hinterland of the track those resting slept in bunks, ate, read, took showers and massage.

The centre space now confines itself to an anteriority of team pews, penalty boxes and, most conspicuous, a raised stretcher or operating table. The significance of this soon appears. Skaters in a jam are permitted to obstruct, barge, hustle, and with their elbows knock flying an opponent. So much the Rules (which I have had time to study since) encourage. But the Rules aren't everything. Sooner or later helmets will be flung to trip, chopper blows will rain in the neck. Feuds start on the track, to develop into free fights off.

"We want the Ref.!" chants the crowd in unison, "we want the Ref.!"

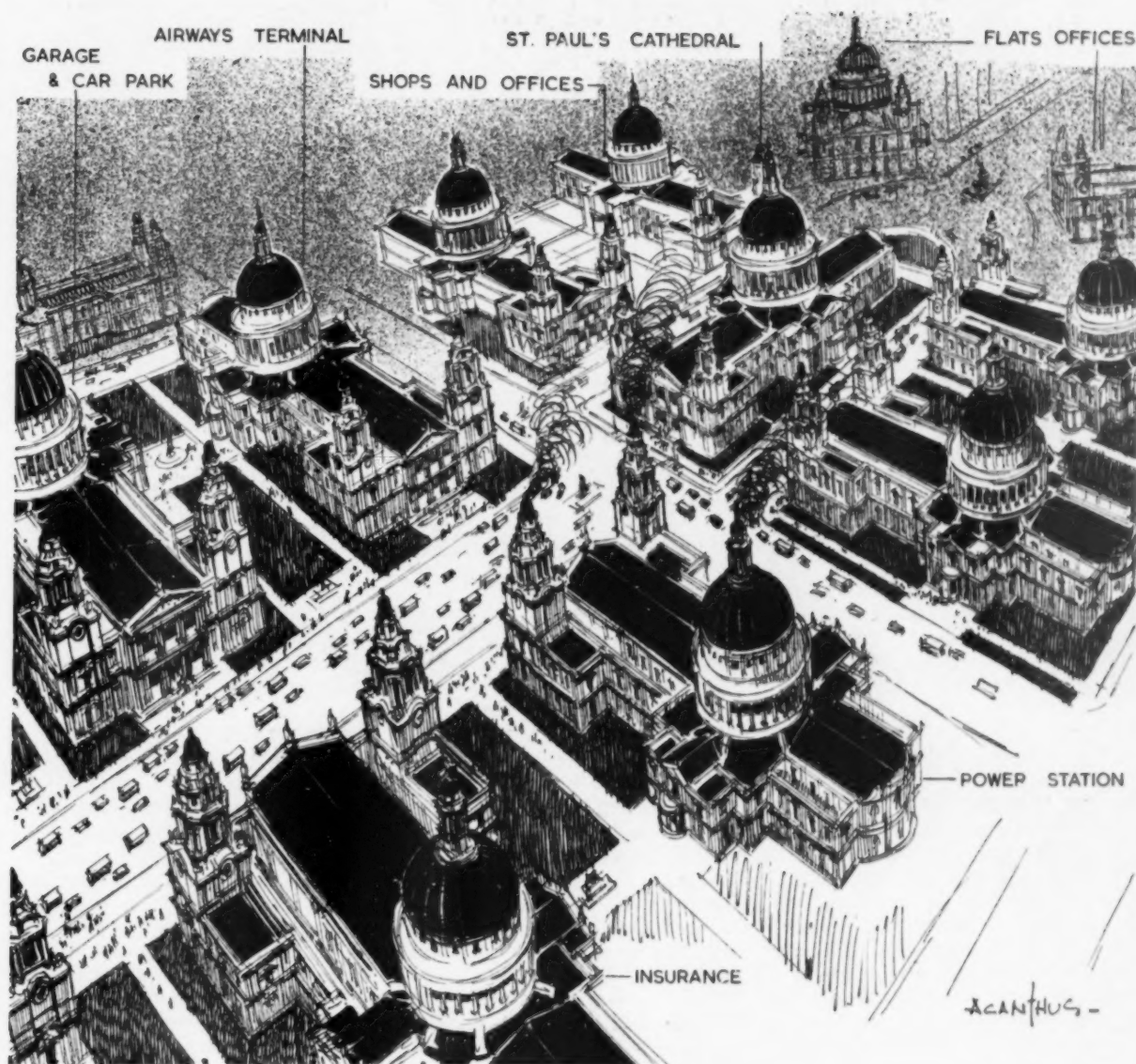
Don't, in the cause of law and order, join in this. It will turn out otherwise. One skater with a grievance will first push and then give the Referee his straight left. The crowd has asked for the Ref.: they get him, laid out. Vast is enthusiasm.

And all this in as many moments as, I suppose, it has taken one of those batsmen across the way, hearing the bails fly, to walk sorrowfully back by the way he has come.

It battered, it began to grip me. During the interval I circled the corridors, pushed through gum-chewing crushes round doors marked "Gentlemen Skaters" and "Lady Skaters," passed a supporters' Den (strangely empty), washed down a leathery sausage-roll with red tea, and listened to a boy of nine arguing with one of eight about the integrity of one Toughie, the stockiest, swiftest, most howl-provoking blonde on the American side.



"I vote we stop playing grown-ups."



*In view of the controversy concerning the development around St. Paul's the above solution is submitted in the hope of giving satisfaction to all.*

The second half of the evening repeated the first, varying men's and women's bouts, show-downs with the Ref., an Open-house Pursuit in which with fine gestures a scarf held in the teeth is snatched one from the other as the leadership changes. There is grace as well as skill in the quick, ceaseless roundabout, and the antics of a skater

hopping or gradually losing balance over twenty-five yards can be gratifying indeed. What would a Roller Derby be without favourites floored? Or a real Derby for that matter?

Has it come to stay? Perhaps, so long as fun, dash, noise, the tinge of violence, and the enthusiasm of fans who afterwards take

the track, keep the turnstiles clicking.

Of course, it's not cricket.

G. W. STONIER

2 2

**Bright Side**

"£30,000 HAUL FROM DUCHESS  
OF  
BATHROOM SAFE"

*Daily Telegraph headline*





## PLAYING FOR THE ABBEY

NEVER before, so far as is known, has the Devil come striding up the main aisle of Westminster Abbey dressed in a grey morning coat and top hat, as if diverted to deal with an ecclesiastical emergency while on his way to dispense the glittering snares of Ascot. Since the Middle Ages, at any rate, no morality play has been performed at Westminster to give him such an opportunity. *Out of the Whirlwind* is not exactly a morality, for not all its characters are abstractions of the virtues and vices, but very nearly. And in this modern variant on the theme of Job Mr. Christopher Hassall has borrowed the elasticity of the mediæval stage.

His play, in aid of the Abbey Appeal,



takes place in the mind of an author commissioned to write such a play, and in search of inspiration one evening at Westminster. Discussing his problems with a Canon, the author decides to draw a ring round the royal dais, making it neutral ground; and no sooner has he done this, stumping round with his walking-stick, than Satan appears, a suave and gentlemanly Devil eager for a showdown. The terms are quickly agreed. The stake is to be a woman's soul. And to prove they are also gentlemen—though in this they seemed to me to hedge rather seriously when later up against it—the author and the Canon consent to a straight fight in which the superior power of the Cross shall be withheld.

Mr. Hassall's idea is that since 1914 the average Englishwoman has had a Joblike time. Martha Gam, his heroine, a fitting descendant of the Davy Gam in Henry the Fifth's list of the English dead at Agincourt, loses her husband in the First War, her son in the second; we see her cruelly harassed, all the way from being a young bride to a tired old woman supported only by her faith. In such a majestic setting the central characters in this very simple story are bound to appear almost naively domestic. This is at once their strength and their weakness. The gossiping neighbour, the acid maid, the kindly old colonel, the boy tinkering with his crystal-set, these are no abstractions on the Gothic scale. But helped by Mr. Hugh Miller's admirably flowing production, and Mr. Laurence Irving's splendid costumes, Mr. Hassall has been generous with richer variations—Henry the Fifth himself, a party of miracle-players

who had helped to build the Abbey, the figures of Truth, Righteousness, Mercy and Peace, who, as it were, hold the ring, and even the excitements of an air raid, still registering accurately in the solar plexus. This is, after all, a dream, and in many ways a rather gallant one, in which time and space are properly defied. For once Einstein carries the whistle, not Aristotle.

The real weakness is Martha herself. Given up to good works—in a plain gown—she becomes an unnecessarily dreary figure, courageous but sometimes a little dull as she moves in her small sad circle; pathetic, but never quite tragic, and not truly representative of all the ordinary women who have taken the same blows and so astonishingly survived in spirit. Even the supreme moment at her death when her faith triumphs over the slick sales-talk of Satan is not the overwhelming stroke of drama it could have been. That the language which might have made it so is missing is a fault in Mr. Hassall, but one to which we can be sympathetic when we remember the difficulties of bringing the soaring speech to a

special occasion. At least he takes us some of the way to being considerably moved, and in the circumstances that is an achievement.

Certainly Miss Fay Compton makes the very most of her material, employing with great effect her beautiful voice and her mastery of the quietly telling gesture. The voices of all the chief characters are fine. Mr. Robert Harris is an impressively human Canon, Mr. Peter Coke a convincing young author, Mr. Reginald Tate a Devil entirely from W.I. Miss Olga Lindo neatly sketches a warm-hearted vulgarian, and Mr. Robert Speaight's St. Peter welcomes the victorious Martha with an authority as large as the Abbey.

The Abbey is, of course, the main actor, dominating everything. It offers a magnificent setting, that has been used with cunning. Mr. Irving has enlarged the Coronation dais and backed it with screens; the golden carpet holds the light and makes a lovely ground for the players' dresses. Beyond this pool of colour lies the shadowed vastness of the Abbey to remind us of how much history is there.

All good productions are the better for the unrehearsed incident. At the first performance one of the official establishment of cats came out on its regular mousing rota, looked at us in high indignation, and went away muttering about the inconsiderateness of the Dean and Chapter.

The takings from this play will be a drop in the bucket, though it is hoped a fat one, towards the million pounds urgently asked for in the Abbey Appeal. This sounds a great deal of money until you study the Abbey's balance-sheet, when it is clearly seen to be a practical estimate of an absolute need. Maintenance costs have risen like rockets. Parts of the fabric are in actual danger. The existing financial arrangements have become hopelessly inadequate. For capital expenditure £400,000 is required, the rest for the maintenance of the fabric and the endowment of the Choir School. Delay would obviously mean a still larger sum.

If we want the Abbey—and that question was answered in Coronation Week—we must support it, and quickly. ERIC KEOWN

## GARDENING NOTES

NO shred of evidence exists to show  
That Maud contrived to fill to overflowing  
The dust-carts of her Urban District Council  
With proceeds of an honest morning's mowing,  
Or armfuls of convolvulus and groundsel;  
Although urged gardenwards with pertinacity,  
She probably achieved an all-time low  
In any horticultural capacity.

Whether or not, with hands grown coarse and carrot-y,  
She undertook intensive nettle-clearance,  
Or cultivated seedlings under cloches  
Clad in her oldest raincoat and goloshes,  
Or gave the soil a periodic rake-down,  
At least we know her icy regularity  
Did not extend to punctual appearance  
At the appointed venue of a date,  
For when the red rose murmured "She is near!"  
A larkspur (listening with flapping ear)  
Distinctly heard a Mrs. Sinkins pink  
Say tartly, off the record: "I don't think!"  
And—dangerously near a nervous breakdown—  
The white rose weep: "As usual, she is late."

D. A. WILKINSON



"Just look at it! 'Lacks initiative! . . . easily dominated.'"

## CAN YOU REMEMBER ANYONE'S NAME?

**N**OR can we. But courage, brothers. It doesn't really matter. Consider, first, if we can remember it correctly, Standing Order Number 28 of the House of Lords. It is headed "*Asperity of Speech to be Avoided*," and it is dated 13 June, 1626, the second year of the reign of King Charles I:

*To prevent misunderstanding and for avoiding of offensive speeches when matters are debating either in the House or at Committee, it is for honour sake thought fit and so ordered that all personal, sharp, or taxing speeches be forboren: and whosoever answereth another man's speech shall apply his answer to the matter without wrong to the person; ["No personalities! What's yer policy?" as they yell at elections now.] and as nothing offensive is to be spoken so nothing shall be ill-taken, if the party that speaks it shall presently make a fair exposition or clear denial of the words that might bear any ill-construction: and if any offence be given in that kind, as the House itself will be very sensible thereof, so it will sharply censure the offender, and give to the party offended a fit reparation and a full satisfaction.*

The Companion to the Standing Orders says that "when heat is engendered in debate" any noble Lord may require that S.O. 28 be

read by the Clerk—and this, I believe, was done recently.

It is a wonderful piece of prose, don't you think? It is, after all, one of the few documentary statements of the fundamental British Thing—"Words, not Swords—and Polite Words Too"—or, as junior Continentals put it now, "Say it with a smile." It seems more wonderful still when you consider the date of its origin, a time when swords leapt from the scabbard as easily as a rude word from Senator McCarthy. Note too that it springs not from the honest, democratic, peace-loving plebs or Commons but from that decadent, out-dated body, the House of Lords. Indeed, many wise men have wished that such a Standing Order existed in the House of Commons.

Now let us go back to your memory—and ours. There will, we fear, be a bit of boasting. But this will not be self-regarding only: it will be for the general comfort and delight. All the prose, all the particulars set down above, were set down from memory. (We have checked, and corrected, and we found only one wrong word.) Now, we committed those words to memory about three weeks ago: not wantonly, not for boast or bet, but as follows. We were invited to address a society of excellent young men at the best University. The excellent young men have a detestable custom, which, perhaps, should be made illegal: they gather at night and read essays—that is, read them aloud. No words which are intended for the human ear should be *read* except for short quotations, official decisions, oracular utterances, Foreign Office pronouncements, legal judgments—and, of course, church services (though, by the way, they suffer much from being read aloud). We thought—a little arrogantly no doubt—that we would set the young men a good example. We would address them not merely without an essay but without a note. But we wished to declaim and discuss, among other things, Standing Order 28: and how was this to be

done without notes? Well, we sat up in our little bed at midnight and, without much hope, began to memorize those one hundred and thirty-three difficult words. We had not attempted such a task for many years: we are not as young as we were: and we have heard many times that wine-drinkers lose their memory at about fifty-one. Our utter incapacity to remember people's names had begun to make us think that there might be something in it. But lo! in the morning, after a rehearsal or two, we were word-perfect: in the evening, after a generous feast, we reeled off the Standing Order as easily as a familiar nursery rhyme.

The feat seems puny, no doubt, when you think what is done by elderly actors and concert performers. But then we are not actors or pianists: it is not part of our trade to remember and deliver a lot of words by heart. The little episode, we confess, delighted us. For those names were gnawing at the ego, cruelly. A few years ago we recorded our trouble in verse, we believe—there, you see, we are not even sure of that. You, old fellow—now, face it—worry too. How often, in the middle of a sparkling anecdote, do you stop and say "Queer thing. Forgotten his name. One of my oldest friends." A look of agony clouds your face. "Damme—forget my own name next. Never mind." But you do mind. For the rest of the conversation you are uneasy and preoccupied, groping for that unimportant name. Hours later, perhaps, you yell "Got it! Ingram!" and are happy again, though everybody else thinks you've gone mad. We know exactly how you feel. We are worse. We suddenly forget the names of people we are talking to, though we have been meeting them once a month, or even once a week, for years. At routs and parties men come up and say "Ha, ha! You don't remember me." "Of course," we say canningly. "But it's ages since we met. When was it?" (This often gives you a clue.) "Why," he says, "the Barge Race" (or "Kalgoorlie" or "Colombo"—or "Festival of Britain" or "that night



"A fine time to tell me now that someone's thought of it already."



at the Black Lion"). "Of course," we yell, "Reynolds!" and he is delighted. The sad thing is that, ten minutes later, when we meet him again in Another Part of the Wood, and try to introduce him, we have forgotten his name again.

Now, for all this, brothers, we have a comforting and, we think, meritorious excuse. We are, we say, like a man who has travelled long and far about the world. Everywhere he goes he picks up trifles, sometimes attractive, sometimes just a bore—ivory elephants at Colombo, funny hats at Port Said, a boomerang at Brisbane, a *fiasco* at Florence, a brass tray at Cairo, and innumerable books, postcards, photographs, "souvenir" volumes, dinner menus, programmes, guides, maps of the city, phrase-books and ridiculous presents. So long as he can he goes on packing all this trivial junk, till his suit-cases are bursting. But there comes a day when *something* has to be left behind—perhaps he has to travel by air. The trivialities are jettisoned (and are never missed): the essentials travel on. So, after a long life, old chap, it would be absurd, it would be inefficient, to expect the old mind to carry everything it has picked up. Trivialities, like the names of Ingrams, are rightly discarded. When Mr. X says "Ha, ha! You don't remember my name," the right reply is "Certainly not, sir. I have more important things to remember. What is it?" You may add, if you like: "You'd be surprised, sir, if you knew how many important things I *do* remember."

All this is fair enough, brother, if you can remember, when you wish, the things you think are worth remembering. We suggest, therefore, that you have a go at Standing Order 28. Sit up in your little bed to-night; and get your wife to "hear" you in the morning.

A. P. H.

"To employ displaced tea garden labourers in P.W.D. works is to deprive them of their means of livelihood. There are more ways of milking a cat than by dipping it in butter, says an English proverb."—*Assam Tribune*

Name one.



"Surely it won't hurt you to thaw your own dinner for once."

## MIDSUMMER-ALE

**M**IDSUMMER's mental image is an apex of almost suspended Movement, in deep colours with the lines vertically drawn. The flood of the spring tide of light is at dead water: Night is sunset ending after the beginning of dawn.

Growth gravels on fullness. The shining and silent water  
Brims the bank to the brink that the spring freshets made.  
Cool in the classical remembrance, motionless in the meadow,  
The solitary column of the oak sustains its vast shade.

So much for nature. But man's mental reaction  
Is madness at midday, and tumbling among the cocks,  
And high jinks with sprites in the blink of the night's half-light,  
And spoof-jokes among the ricks for milkmaids and male smocks.

Sanity is not to be sustained. The itch to action in the solstice  
Has no purpose but the end of action, the negative delight  
Of peace in the pause of the swinging of the earth's axis, of surrender  
To the silence of the silly season, of sleep in the short night.

P. M. HUBBARD

# IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Tuesday, June 16

The House of Commons—including the occupants of the public galleries—metaphorically hung its head this afternoon when Sir DAVID ECCLES announced that some three hundred tons of litter had been left lying in London's streets and public places since June 1.

Sir DAVID considered this a public disgrace and added that it was a matter for teachers and parents to handle, rather than the police. This brought up Mr. GEORGE THOMAS (himself a teacher) with a protest that this implied rebuke to the younger citizen was unfair, since grown-ups were at least equal offenders. And Mr. VANE, surveying the untidy scene, sharply reminded the honourable Members that they might well practice what they preached, and keep the Floor of the House a bit tidier. Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL, whose daily habit it is to tidy up by hand that part of the Floor and Table in his own vicinity, registered approval.

Mr. RICHARD STOKES gave a whistle when told that the chairs and stools used in the Abbey were for sale—at £7 10s. for a chair,

£5 2s. 6d. for a stool. The price did not seem "reasonable", said Mr. STOKES, but Sir DAVID replied that it was within a shilling or two of cost and he thought, "on the whole," reasonable. But Mr. STOKES again registered sales resistance.

Then somebody made the bright suggestion that clouds might be made to discharge over the sea, thus reducing the rainfall over the land. As Ascot and London were at that moment receiving more than their fair share of rain, there was a sympathetic cheer. But Mr. HUGH MOLSON replied that it was far easier to make rain fall where it was wanted than to *prevent* its falling where it was *not* wanted.

Sir WINSTON was asked whether he would let the Stone of Scone go North-of-the-Border now that the Coronation was over, but he replied that it had been in the Abbey for 650 years and there, so far as he was concerned, it would stay, even if it did have to be guarded from the hands of Scottish souvenir-hunters by secret rays and things.

Sir WINSTON was equally uncompromising with a Member who wanted a ban placed on the use of rubber stamps as means of adding a Minister's signature to letters. He

could not, he said, order an all-embracing veto, in view of the fact that more and more people seemed to be taking an interest in public affairs and writing to Ministers. But he agreed that the practice was not to be encouraged.

Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE announced that, "to prevent paralysis of road transport in certain areas," he would reimpose the ban on coaches carrying private parties along the Coronation route; and from there allowed himself to be tempted into a brief discussion of London traffic in general.

A good deal of neck-cranning went on in the galleries until it was discovered that the Sir GORDON to whom speeches were addressed when the House went into Committee on the Finance Bill was Sir GORDON TOUCHE, Acting Chairman of the Committee, who steers as adroitly and nimbly through masses of amendments as the other "Sir Gordon" does through a full field of horses.

As if to tone with the horsey atmosphere thus created, there were several horsey similes, Mr. STRACHEY complaining that the House had looked too long into the mouth of a gift-horse (tax reduction). Later on another Member accused the Treasury of "trying to ride two rather ill-matched horses." Mr. BUTLER smiled as if to imply that *that* sort of balancing act was child's play to him.

Wednesday, June 17

The reported levity with which sponsored television in the United States handled the Coronation solemnity came under review in the Commons, and Mr. ANTHONY NUTTING, for the Foreign Office, adjusted the sharpness of the picture a little.

It appeared from the Minister's statement that the presentation of the Coronation ceremony on U.S.



"Rubber stamps for Ministers' signatures . . . the practice was not to be encouraged . . ."

TV had generally been both restrained and dignified and that the notorious "Mr. J. Fred Muggs" had not figured at all in the programme, newspaper headlines to the contrary notwithstanding. This revelation seemed to perturb many on the Opposition side and there were angry protests—exactly what about it was not clear.

There had been one or two individual lapses of taste, said Mr. NUTTING, but as several hundred stations and networks were involved he thought it a pity the lapses alone had been singled out to provide headlines in our newspapers. And there were cheers—from the Government side—when Sir ROBERT GRIMSTON declared the whole thing to be a smear campaign not unconnected with the opposition to the introduction of commercial television in this country.

Their Lordships were having quite a to-do about the presence of British troops in Egypt. Lord STANSFATE described Government references to treaty relations with Egypt as "all nonsense" and said we were in Egypt because we wanted to be there and were too strong to be kicked out.

"That," retorted Lord SALISBURY, in tones which neatly combined the qualities of ice and fire, "is a poisonous suggestion! And everybody but the noble Lord will regret it."

Lord STANSFATE (of all people) accused Lord SALISBURY of importing heat into the discussion, and, after a lot more shouting—a strange sound in the Gilded

Chamber, where "Tut-tut!" is almost a rude word—the incident closed.

In the resumed debate on the Finance Bill, Mr. BUTLER expressed a wish—when circumstances permit—to lighten the tax load of the industrialist, and, maybe, of us all. (*Loud, prolonged and hopeful cheers.*)



Thursday, June 18

Clearly much perturbed by the news from Korea, Sir WINSTON told the Commons that he preferred not to

make any statement on it just now. He had been asked about the action of President Syngman Rhee, of South Korea, in (allegedly) arranging for the escape of many thousands of anti-Communist North Korean prisoners of war, thus throwing the long truce negotiations into the melting-pot. One Member described the action as "sabotage" of the talks, but Sir WINSTON said there

House of Commons:  
News from Korea

was still hope that the truce would be concluded.

The President's action had both shocked and grieved him, said Sir WINSTON, and he was unable to measure the seriousness of the possible consequences.

The rest of the House was shocked and grieved when Mr. DESMOND DONNELLY suggested from the Opposition benches that "it might be necessary to take the South Korean Government into protective custody." There were startled cries of "Oh!" and Sir WINSTON gave Mr. DONNELLY a look of disdain.

Before the House passed on to its business, Mr. CROOKSHANK, as Leader of the House, paid graceful tribute to Miss Margaret Bondfield, first woman Cabinet Minister and Privy Councillor, whose death was recorded last night. She was, he said, a good Parliamentarian, a courteous and generous opponent, and Parliament saluted her memory. Mr. ATTLEE associated his friends with this tribute to a "very, very fine character."

Friday, June 19

To-day was the last Friday available this year for Private Members' motions, and

House of Commons:  
Cairns

several Members who had been lucky in the ballot sat hopefully waiting for other Members' motions to "fold up" so that they could move their own. From now on, the Government will control Fridays, so back-benchers can now relax.

GUY EDEN



"... even if it did have to be guarded by secret rays from the hands of Scottish souvenir-hunters . . ."





## BOOKING OFFICE

## Henry James, Jr.

Henry James: *The Untried Years, 1843-1870.* Leon Edel. *Hart-Davis,* 25/-

FOR some reason—perhaps largely on account of Sargent's well known portrait—Henry James lives in the mind as elderly and rotund, an Edwardian sage, irretrievably expatriate, and of infinite verbal anfractuosity. We have almost forgotten that he was born an American, and it comes as a surprise that it was ever necessary for him to take British nationality. But American he was once; a good-looking, intelligent, witty, though always rather serious, young man whose photograph at nineteen strangely resembles the young Proust's. Dr. Leon Edel's book is the first volume of a trilogy to cover James's life. It provides an enthralling opening to the story.

The family background is full of interest. William James, the grandfather (1771-1832), an Irish Protestant of excessive puritanical rectitude, had emigrated to the United States and made a large fortune. His son Henry (the novelist, somewhat to his chagrin, was known for the first forty years of his life as "Henry James, Jr.") was a man of very different stamp. He had a cork leg, consequence of an accident in a fire, and his tastes were at once philosophical and frivolous. A breathless letter survives in which his own father speaks of him as having "so debased himself as to leave his parents' house in the character of a swindler, etc, etc.—details presented to-day—are the order which I enclose as a specimen of his progress in arts of low vileness—and unblushing falsehood . . . a fellow from Schenectady was after him to-day for fifty or sixty dollars (in a note I understand), for segars and oysters." The novelist, with

more moderation, later alluded to this episode as a "misunderstanding if not . . . a sharp rupture."

William James left an estate valued at \$3,000,000. His will was so cantankerous that his eleven children had it broken, and Henry the elder's share was a parcel of



real estate in Syracuse that yielded about \$10,000 a year. For the rest of his days he was able to live a life of leisure and indulge the undoubted eccentricity of his tastes. Mainly a Swedenborgian, he took a keen interest in all religions, and was determined that intellectually his children should never endure the parental domination of his own youth. One of the results of this catholicity, and of his wandering, vaguely literary life, was that the novelist suffered much embarrassment at school from being unable to state precisely either the profession or religion of his father.

The elder James spent much of his time in Europe where, in France and Switzerland, the greater part of Henry James's education took place.

Mrs. James, a woman of quiet good sense, was also of unbending will, and it is clear that, if one kind of parental domination was expelled from the home, another, and perhaps more insidious sort, was much in evidence. There were five children: William, later famous as a philosopher, Henry, the novelist, two younger brothers, and a sister.

Henry seems perpetually to have felt the undue preponderance of the apparently more brilliant and successful William. Dr. Edel points out how often in his stories a second son triumphs morally over an aggressive elder brother. An additional twist was given to the complications of family relationship by the American civil war. Although strongly "abolitionist" politically, their father also held that "no young American should put himself in the way of death until he has realized something of the good of life." However, his two younger sons went off to the war, thereby unexpectedly stealing prestige from William and Henry.

This situation left a lifelong impression on Henry James. True, he was hardly cut out to be a soldier, and there were plenty of reasons why he had no need to become involved. One of these was the mysterious "accident" which happened to him at about this period, apparently a strained spine. Dr. Edel effectively disposes of the legend of sexual hurt resulting in physical inadequacy. James's back gave him pain all his life, and one of his letters on this subject "in the history of literature may well be the most elaborate account of the ailment extant." The two younger brothers, after their moment of glory, led unsuccessful lives; the sister became a neurotic. Henry, though apparently not William, was left with a sense of guilt about the war.

The book takes Henry James as far as his return to Europe as a man



the war irrupting in the harbour, and snatching schoolboys into Air Force blue. But it reads more like, and often is, fiction. Novel, then? What faults, though, at once appear: the author loses himself for whole chapters, records where he hasn't been, and enters the thoughts of the dying as gracefully as he takes one of his many sea-shore walks.

Are these minor blemishes? The point of view is lost, and reveries mist the perspective, which Mr. Lamming can make sharp as glass when he likes. He is a poet, giving tongue to his people, animating personal feelings and memories. Whether this sacrifice of clear narrative to intuitive vibration is justified, readers must judge for themselves. The hovering picture awakes at least a fresh, sympathetic pleasure.

G. W. S.

**The Spectacle.** Rayne Kruger. *Longmans*, 10/6

Here is that good old chestnut about the two school friends, one of them a defeated little man and the other a dashing and adventurous figure lacking in moral scruple. In the standard version defeated little man plans the perfect murder of adventurer, carries it out and then discovers flaws. Can Mr. Kruger offer a variation to make the old chestnut seem new? Up to a point yes, very successfully. He opens with an excellent picture of life in a dubious firm of chartered surveyors, closes with a dramatic account of an Old Bailey trial.

The gay adventurer, not the defeated little man, is in the dock. Is he guilty? and will he be found guilty? On those two questions Mr. Kruger bases his tale, and he handles them deftly enough to hold our interest. The book sags badly in the middle, which deals rather portentously with such standard material as the adventurer's seduction of his friend's girl, but all told *The Spectacle* is a murder story of much above average interest.

J. S.

**Phoebe Thirsk.** E. H. W. Meyerstein. *Gollancz*, 12/6

This posthumous successor to "Robin Wastraw" and "Tom Tallion" has their freshness, gaiety and odd charm; but there is something rather *roulu* about its higgledy-piggledy-ness. It is a short novel and at times it reads like a serial synopsis. Only in a long, leisurely story can the primitive technique of describing everything with equal emphasis avoid skeltering through important events. The epigraph, Rimbaud's "*L'amour est à réinventer*," suggests the intended link between the episodes; but the young narrator patters along too fast, and once the curious effect of viewing melodramatic events through the interested but unjudging

eyes of adolescence has ceased to give them the isolation of primary colouring, one's curiosity becomes sated before aroused.

The setting is near-contemporary; the heroine's stepfather is the last man to be birched before the abolition of corporal punishment. The atmosphere belongs to Defoe or Sterne or early Dickens. The people are seen in the flat; their actions are unpredictable. The effect is like a Newby novel written by Daisy Ashford.

R. G. G. P.

## AT THE PLAY



*The Taming of the Shrew*  
(STRATFORD-ON-AVON)  
*The Private Life of Helen*  
(GLOBE)

**THE** *Taming of the Shrew* is generally produced as a wildcat rough-and-tumble, on all claws with the most muscular of Westerns. In these versions *Katharina* is the juvenile delinquent of her year, while *Petruchio* is so nearly the big-chested bully of the musicals that in "Kiss Me Kate" the burlesque was scarcely noticeable; they are both of them more than lifesize, and the lion-taming antics submerge one of the neatest plots that Shakespeare ever borrowed. Accepting the fact that neither of his leads has the horsepower for catch-as-catch-can in the grand manner, Mr. GEORGE DEVINE has wisely let the play run more quietly, bringing out the comedy of the other characters with ingenuity and for once making the two contestants likeable and credible.

Miss YVONNE MITCHELL is obviously not a natural teragant. She is small, pale, and of a thoughtful melancholy. Looking for an actress who could sensitively depict the inner pangs of a Victorian governess you would look no farther. And yet her *Katharina*, though it falls short in spirit even on this reduced scale, gains a good deal by its intelligence, for the capitulation, which often seems so sudden, is perfectly in character. Given a ham-fisted *Petruchio* it would have failed, but Mr. MARIUS GORING, looking like a slightly mad buccaneer from the thick end of Henty, takes his responsibilities very lightly. His discipline is always more than half a joke, and when the time comes he is not ashamed to let us see he is head over heels in love—as *Katharina* is, too. For the loss of the major fireworks we have a couple in whom we can take an affectionate interest.

Their slightness is not to be minimized, but this production has much to recommend it. Miss VIVIENNE KERNOT's interior of a mansion wears well. There is an excellent *Sly* by Mr. MICHAEL WARRE, a likely *Lucentio* by Mr. TONY BRITTON, and Mr. NOEL HOWLETT's *Baptista* could easily have sired this *Katharina*. And Mr. DONALD PLEASANCE, who had so far disappointed me this season, brings off a funny *Grumio*. Odd, as all his acting is, but original.

Greek mythology reduced to a note of breakfast-table domesticity always starts with a fair wind.



*Petruchio*—MR. MARIUS GORING.

*Katharina*—MISS YVONNE MITCHELL

[*The Taming of the Shrew*  
*Sly*—MR. MICHAEL WARRE



Achilles with a cold in the head is a sure laugh. And *Helen*, a little aged but still eager for conquest, brought back by *Menelaus* to a dull family life, is also a safe beginning. *The Private Life of Helen* was written by M. ANDRÉ ROUSSIN and Miss MADELEINE GRAY from Mr. JOHN ERSKINE'S "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," and has now been put into English by Mr. ARTHUR MACRAE. It is a thoroughly civilized little comedy, with very good moments, but it depends too much on variations of a few closely related jokes, such as *Menelaus*' erroneous belief that he is master in his own house, *Helen*'s ability to wind him round her little finger, her undiminished instinct for philandering and their sense of shock at the unfilial behaviour of *Orestes*. Mr. MACRAE'S dialogue is often sparkling, but here it is not witty enough to support so slender a theme. One gets the feeling that one is staying with quite amusing people, but once their line of conversation grows familiar one begins to hope that an entertaining neighbour or two will drop in. A number of very distinguished neighbours are mentioned from time to time, but none of them appears, which is disappointing; only at the end do we have a visitor, and then we are treated to a few minutes of wonderfully funny mime.

The acting is considerably better than the play. *Helen* at her most difficult could have found little to criticize in Miss DIANA WYNYARD, who looks entrancing and has nothing to learn about feminine wile. Mr. CECIL PARKER makes a delightful old general with a will of putty, and Mr. MACRAE himself gets the most consistent fun of the evening as a doddering diehard servant. *Hermione*, *Helen*'s strangely priggish little daughter, is taken confidently by Miss JANETTE SCOTT, though I would have guessed that hockey was higher on her agenda than marriage. Mr. MACRAE has produced the play skilfully, and Mr. JAMES BAILEY has dressed it charmingly and provided a beautiful garden room which seems to lack only an electric toaster.

#### Recommended

*The Apple Cart* (Haymarket), surprisingly unfaded. *Guys and Dolls* (Coliseum), a must for fans of Damon Runyon. *The Two Bouquets* (St. Martin's), a charming Farjeon revival.

ERIC KEOWN



#### AT THE PICTURES

*The Captain's Paradise*  
*Single-Handed*

THIS time, ALEC GUINNESS, long known to filmgoers for the diversity of his characterizations (notably the classic half-dozen—or eight, was it?—that he did in one



Nita—YVONNE DE CARLO

Henry St. James—ALEC GUINNESS

[*The Captain's Paradise*.

Maud St. James—CELIA JOHNSON

film), is concerned to display two contrasting sides of the same man. In *The Captain's Paradise* (Director: ANTHONY KIMMINS) he is the respected captain of a ferry steamer plying between Gibraltar and Kalik in North Africa, and he has achieved a state of settled contentment by providing himself with a wife in each port—one for each half of his split personality. In Kalik he is gay and hits the night spots with a flashing Mediterranean beauty (YVONNE DE CARLO); in Gibraltar he is the perfect suburban husband of a gentle affectionate wife (CELIA JOHNSON) who gives him cocoa at ten o'clock bedtime and, among other things, twins.

A minor point that does not seem to have been considered is the extreme promptitude and efficacy with which each side of his nature comes into action at its appointed time. I rather think there would have been occasions when he arrived at Gibraltar in a mood for the Kalik wife, and vice versa.

That, in fact, would have been one way of precipitating the dramatic crisis; but here it is done more effectively by the fact that the captain had failed to allow for the existence of hidden depths and apparently uncharacteristic longings in women as well as in men. Things begin to go wrong when the gay wife wants to try a bit of cooking, and the domesticated one a bit of dancing.

The story is not perhaps remarkable for comic invention in detail; there are types among the characters, and typical situations and incidents. But the general plan and mood are original, and there are several sequences—for example the last—of good ironic comedy. There is good

comic acting too, apart from that by the principals: CHARLES GOLDNER is excellent in the shipboard scenes (which are altogether well done) as the captain's chief officer, his admiring disciple in all things. This is a good comedy; I enjoyed it very much.

C. S. FORESTER'S novel *Brown on Resolution*, which was filmed many years ago with John Mills, turns up again as *Single-Handed* (Director: ROY BOULTING). I can imagine, perhaps quite unjustly, the preliminary conference at which it was decided that the original title would not do because the American public wouldn't understand it; for this is a Twentieth-Century Fox production with a Hollywood star, JEFFREY HUNTER, though the director and most of the cast are British, and it was made with the help of the Royal Navy.

The distraction here is to notice the way the changes are contrived, particularly that familiar, irritating explanation of why the principal character should happen to be "a Canadian" . . . But the main point of the picture, that central situation in which a single sharpshooter among the rocks of Resolution Island delays a German raider in the bay below for the vital period until British warships can catch up with her, is impressively and thrillingly done. There's nothing wrong with Mr. HUNTER'S portrayal of "that Canadian lad Brown"; and among other good performances is BERNARD LEE'S as a sardonic old heart of oak.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: *The Beggar's Opera* (17/6/53), a diversely pleasing film,

not for those who want the Playfair version; *Adorable Creatures* (10/6/53), much good fun in French with an irritating commentary in English; *Moulin Rouge* (25/3/53), that visual dazzler; and *Due Soldi di Speranza* (13/5/53), which is universally enjoyable.

Nothing special in the new releases. *Battle Circus* (20/6/53) is an uneasy mixture of light-comedy love-making with the war in Korea. Remember the excellent suspense stories *Time Bomb* (11/2/53) and *Jeopardy*, and the bright little Group 3 comedy *The Oracle*.

RICHARD MALLETT

## ON THE AIR

### Harlequinade

TELEVISION fans (and I am one) can be insufferable. Mention to them that you were at Trent Bridge for the first Test Match and they will describe in great detail and with devastating authority incidents that you never saw. They will tell you not only that Compton was caught off Lindwall's outswinger but exactly how the ball was bowled, how much it swung and what Morris looked as though he might be saying to Hassett after he had caught it. Mention that you were at Spithead for the great Review and they will tell you precisely what happened aboard the *Sverdlov*, the *Baltimore* and the *Amerigo Vespucci*. The trouble with television fans is that they let their enthusiasm run away with their sense of social propriety.

Television fans make sweeping generalizations. One of their favourite arguments is that television drama is vastly superior to the real thing, the

stage play. The stage, they say, is peopled by puppets, by figures who can express themselves only in exaggerated, extravagant gestures and raucous mouthings. Stage actors, they say, are compelled to substitute routine demonstration for dramatic interpretation. And there is, perhaps, something in what they say. *Something*. I am a fan, remember.

If you counter this propaganda by pointing out that television performances are all, in effect, "first nights" and subject therefore to all the contretemps that stage managers and producers fear, they (the fans) will claim that television drama's uncertainties and improvisations are, in fact, its greatest charm. They will tell you that improvisation is always preferable to the stuffy routine of stage performers, that the camera and microphone (which cannot lie) register the finest nuances of facial and vocal expression, and that TV and only TV can do full justice to the highest dramatic talents. They will admit, these fans, that TV plays are often marred by unprofessional conduct. They will admit that odd things sometimes happen, that the hero may be stumped for words several times during his long soliloquy, that the heroine may leap unexpectedly to avoid a blow from a swinging microphone, that the villain sometimes toes the chalk-line on the set rather too obviously, and so on. But they maintain that such contretemps can be and usually are a blessing in disguise. Somehow, they say, the very possibility or probability of these uncertainties helps to build up a sense of dramatic urgency and liveliness that is entirely lacking in the word-perfect, seemingly faultless stage-play.

Well, then, what does the fan

## From Punch, June 25, 1853

### Financial Physics.

It is proposed to establish an altogether new method of inquiry into the state of the Public Health. The following are some of the interrogatories recommended to be addressed to the patient. How are your Pains? Let me see your Glands. Put out your Block. Are your Dividends all right? Have you any Pain about your Bones? Any uneasiness referring to your Foreign Securities. What is the State of your Core Market? Allow me to examine your Shivers. Let me feel your Grip. Have you any sinking in your Muscles? Any tightness at the Neck? How is your Discount? Have you any appetite for Speculation?

make of Terence Rattigan's bijou farce *Harlequinade*? The other day this merry, debonair, stylized scrap of nonsense was revived by Hal Burton and Barry Learoyd; and a more enjoyable hour it would be difficult to imagine. Here we had a piece written for the stage, played by the trio—Marie Löhr, Mary Ellis and Eric Portman—who appeared in the original production, and put over with professional certainty and skill. No staleness, no over-acting, no strutting or ranting. The timing, based on a careful evaluation of theatre audience reaction, was brilliant. There were imperceptible pauses when the viewer could chuckle in comfort without fear of missing anything: there were the smooth confident positional manoeuvres that are only possible when play and players are in perfect harmony.

It may be that television drama is at its best when it combines the spontaneity of the "first night" with the experience of the "long run," when an old favourite is translated with all its proven qualities intact into this new and exciting medium. If so—and there have been many successes to support this contention (*A Village Wooing*, *A Doll's House* and *Rosmersholm* are examples)—the television fan would be the first to admit that the legitimate stage still has its place in the world of entertainment. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS

NOTICE.—Contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests from contributors for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1909. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 2d. Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner. "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate." SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 50/-; Overseas 36/- (U.S.A., \$5.25); Canada 34/- or \$5.00.



## People prefer wrapped bread

It saves them money; it's more economical because there's no waste — the bread stays fresh to the last piece. And, of course, it's more hygienic: that appeals to the housewife who wants all her food pre-packed and cleanly wrapped. So, more and more bakers are wrapping their bread in specially waxed paper, attractively printed before it is waxed — and more and more of them are using the waxed papers made by Powell Lane which, as a Division of the Reed Paper Group, can draw on the great resources which the Group brings to bear on every modern paper problem.

\* REED PAPER GROUP PACKAGING includes unglazed and M.G. kraft and M.G. sulphite wrappings; multi-wall sacks; waxed papers; corrugated papers and cases.

### POWELL LANE

WAXED PAPERS  
CORRUGATED GREASEPROOF AND PAPER SHAVINGS

Products of

POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD (GLOUCESTER)

Division of the

# Reed

PAPER GROUP

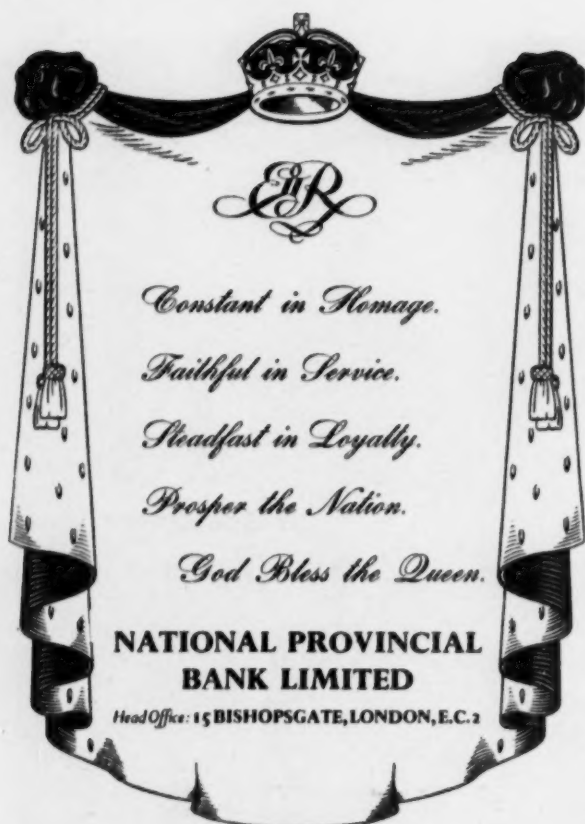
Head Office:

105 Piccadilly London W.1

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD

THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD • EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD • THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD • MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD  
THE NATIONAL CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD • HYGIENE PRODUCTS (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD • BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD • REED FLONG LTD  
POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD • E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD • REED PAPER SALES LTD





## Thoroughness is the keynote of the *Singer*

If you want a fast, good-looking open car to seat four, here is the Singer Roadster. Sports car performance and acceleration—with economy—from its 1497 c.c. OHC engine: sports car appearance with almost saloon comfort from its complete all-weather equipment. Sturdily built by hand for lasting performance. The best value in its class!

### The *Singer* Roadster

A thoroughly good car



Catalogue upon request to:

SINGER MOTORS LIMITED • BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY

## Nigel Patrick discovers the smoother gin!



Evening Mr. Patrick, your friend's not here yet.



Knew she'd be late. I'll have a quick gin.



You'll like this Curtis Gin. It's rather special.



Hmm. It is good. Nice and smooth.



I knew you'd like Curtis, Sir. It's smoother because it's matured in cask.

#### CASK MATURING MAKES CURTIS SMOOTHER

Curtis is matured in cask. There it becomes more gracious . . . more mellow . . . in fact "smoother". So ask for Curtis Gin—you'll like it better.

"CLEAR" AND "OLD GOLD"  
in bottles, half bottles, six nip or three nip flasks.



Ah! There you are. Try this Curtis Gin.

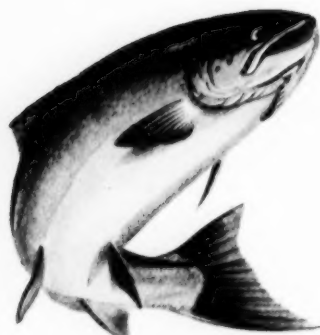
# Curtis Gin



## Store of enchantments

Quite a lot of people come into Simpsons without any particular intention of buying. They just like being in the place. Displayed in light and space and quiet are to be found the best of this country's craftsmanship. There are cashmeres and tweeds which are the glory of Scotland, fine shoes from famed Northampton, sports things and beach-wear which *make* a holiday. And, of course, tailoring which is emulated but never equalled the world over.





**SALMON**

"The Salmon," as Izaak Walton wrote, "is the King of fresh water fish." Indeed, whether on a taut line that cuts hissing through the water, or lying on a dish, robed royally in mayonnaise, there is no other candidate for the title.



**TROUT**

Full of fire and dash in play, trout are all melting delicacy in the mouth. How should they be cooked—au bleu? meunière? An English recipe for Trout Pie, of 1806, calls for three-quarters of a pound of butter. Perhaps, after all, simple grilling is best.



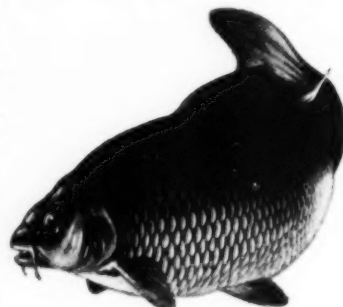
**CHAR**

This member of the trout family is found locally in a number of mountain lakes in Britain. Its flesh is delicate and fine in texture. The name derives from its red-dish colour—Gaelic "ceara" means red. The char of Windermere and Coniston are best for size and flavour.



**EELS**

The eels in English streams set off as tiny elvers from the Sargasso sea, on an Atlantic crossing that takes three years—perhaps to find, beside a glass of Guinness, a sizzling and savoury destiny as Spitchcocked Eels, fried in egg and bread-crumbs and served with anchovy sauce.



**CARP**

An old English way with carp was to fry them lightly and then stew them with anchovies, thyme and a mushroom ketchup. Try it with your Guinness after a day on the river. Carp live to a great age; some are said to reach 150 years, but 40 is probably their limit.



**PERCH**

Monastic stewponds were largely stocked with perch. In 1496 the Book of St. Albans described it as "a daynteous fysshe and passynge holsum." Anglers nowadays can make perch a yet more wholesome dainty by washing it down with Guinness.



**GRAYLING**

"If the trout be the gentleman of the streams," wrote one fisherman, "the grayling is certainly the lady." Is this because they will rise again and again to the same fly? Grayling are best in November.



**—AND GUINNESS  
IS GOOD FOR YOU**





# first

## FIRST NIGHT AT THE BALLET

After the bouquets, the speech of thanks. And thanks, among others, to the carpenters, the scene shifters, the electricians . . . the 'boys in the back room' . . .

The back room . . . A.E.I. (Associated Electrical Industries) can boast a back room of no mean proportions. It costs a million pounds a year to maintain—a million pounds-worth of research to find better ways of generating, distributing and using electricity. The nine British companies of A.E.I. have been responsible for innovation after innovation, for First after First.

First in invention, development, quality . . .

Last year, the companies of A.E.I. made goods worth over seventy million pounds.

# AEI first

*For everything electrical, from a turbine to a torch bulb, think of AEI Companies*

Meet the Family of Associated Electrical Industries:

METROPOLITAN-VICKERS ELECTRICAL CO. LTD. • THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO. LTD.  
THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD. • FERGUSON PAILIN LTD.  
THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO. LTD. • INTERNATIONAL REFRIGERATOR CO. LTD.  
NEWTON VICTOR LTD. • PREMIER ELECTRIC HEATERS LTD. • SUNVIC CONTROLS LTD.

# ROSS'S *Indian Tonic Water*

blends with any fine gin in a subtle mellow harmony

## BANKS INSURANCE COMPANIES INVESTMENT TRUST COMPANIES

The investor can obtain a well-diversified interest spread over the stocks and shares of these financial institutions through the medium of the

### Bank Insurance Trust Corporation Group of Unit Trusts

For full particulars, including prices of Units and their yields, apply through your stock-broker, banker, solicitor or accountant, or direct to the Managers of the Trusts:—

BANK INSURANCE TRUST CORPN.  
LTD  
THIRTY CORNHILL  
LONDON, E.C.3



*"Cycling is  
mechanised walking  
but you sit down to the job, multiply  
your speed by Four with less effort and  
buy freedom from time-tables. It is the  
most worthwhile means of travel in the  
world."* F. J. URRY, M.B.E. (Well-known Authority on Cycling.)

## PHILLIPS

RANGE OF QUALITY BICYCLES

PHILLIPS CYCLES LIMITED, SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM, 40

All models in the Phillips Range available on E.P. Terms by C.C.F.—if desired. Send for illust. lit. & free booklet "Wheeling Adventure" by F. J. Urry.

## 100 to 1...

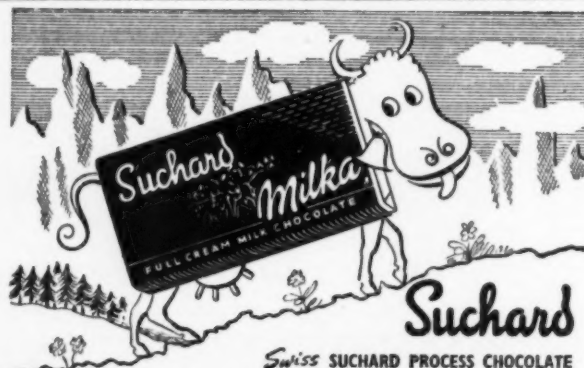
Cuticura Shaving Stick is used by that smart, well-groomed neighbour of yours. He knows from experience that the rich, penetrating oils of this superfatted, mildly medicated, Chlorophyll green Shaving Stick not only give a clean and rapid shave, but leave the most sensitive skin soothed and refreshed. For healthy, attractive skin Cuticura Shaving Stick is unbeatable. Try it tomorrow—we know you will like it!

## PRIMULA CRISP BREAD AND PRIMULA CHEESE

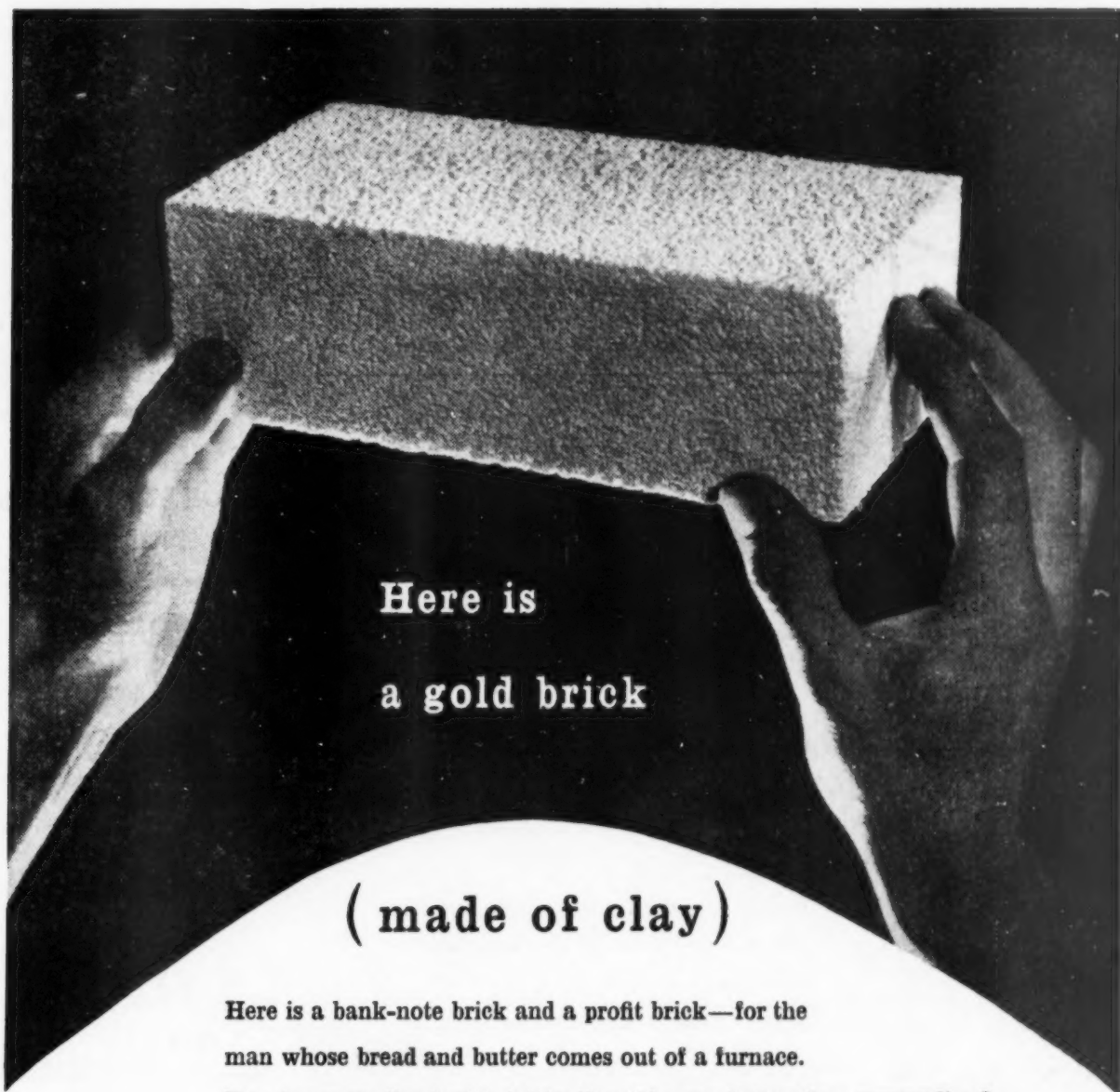


Dainty and Delicious.  
Health-Giving and easily Digested  
— Children Love Them.

KAVLI LTD., TEAM VALLEY,  
CO. DURHAM



SUCHARD CHOCOLATE LTD., LONDON, S.E.16



Here is  
a gold brick

( made of clay )

Here is a bank-note brick and a profit brick—for the man whose bread and butter comes out of a furnace.

Two furnaces, lined with bricks like this, pay better than THREE lined with standard refractories, because they cool quicker and reload quicker.

This is no place to go into wearisome technicalities.

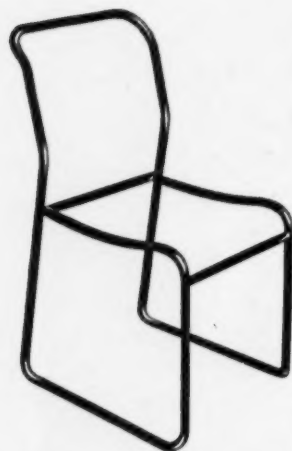
Just make a note of the M.I.28 (one of the new Morgan Refractories) . . . and consult your Maintenance Engineer . . . and tell your Accountant

that

**MORGAN**  
Refractories

**ARE WORTH FAR MORE THAN THEY COST**





## What is your choice for the seat and back?

**A**BOUT the frame of this chair there are no two opinions; it is made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " steel tubing, chrome finished or stove-enamelled and able to stand up to any amount of hard wear, and even rough treatment, without losing its good looks. In the matter of seat and back however, opinions differ. The reasons for choice seem to be based on the ideas below.

**Webbing.** The most popular choice for canteens and assembly halls. The webbing has a certain "cushioning" effect yet it is treated to prevent sagging.

**Plywood** has not the same "give" as webbing, but being shaped is very comfortable, and easily cleaned.

**Slats** are generally chosen for factory canteens or boys' clubs where conditions are necessarily on the rough side.

**Plastics** for seating and back is also hard wearing and easily cleaned and is comfortable to sit on.

All these chairs are of the "nesting" type for ease of stacking when more floor space is needed.

Apply for illustrated catalogue:



COX & CO. (WATFORD) LTD.,  
WATFORD, HERTS  
Telephone: Watford 5631

## Everyone agrees — for cuisine and service there's no place like the **VICTORIA HOTEL** Torquay

Welcome to the Victoria — one of the most modern, most luxurious hotels in England. 100 bedrooms, all with central heating, electric fire, telephone. Many with private bathroom. The Victoria faces sea and south, with lovely views over Torbay. Convenient to all shops and entertainments. Delightful restaurant. Sun Lounge. Cocktail Bar. Free Golf. A.A. and R.A.C. recommended. **NO SURCHARGES.**



For illustrated Brochure write or 'phone General Manager  
**P. L. OSBORNE, M.H.C.I. Torquay 7501**  
"Your comfort comes first at the Victoria Hotel, Torquay"

Woolthorpe No. 13 with appropriate apologies.



Oliver Cromwell took a poor view of the mace  
And thought fripperies in dress a disgrace.

"There is no substitute for Wool!"

Was naturally the Lord Protector's rule.

## There is no substitute for Wool

H. 29

ELECTRIFY YOUR GARDEN TRIMMING!

### Where the mower won't go . . . the **TARPEN GRASSMASTER** will

This electrically driven machine is essential for cutting swiftly and easily the toughest and tallest grass and weed growth inaccessible to scythes and mowers. Can be easily converted into a Grass-Edgemaster at the additional cost of £4. 0. 0.

Price, including 25ft. cable, from £12. 0. 0.

### GRASS-EDGEMASTER (Pat. applied for.)

The machine is drawn backwards along the edge of the turf cutting as fast as you can walk. Can be converted into a Grassmaster at the additional cost of £1. 0. 0.

Price, including 25ft. cable, from £15. 0. 0.

Power supplied by mains, car battery or portable generator. Write for illustrated folder:—

### TARPEN ENGINEERING CO. LTD.

18 Ixworth House, Ixworth Place, London, S.W.1

Telephone: KENSington 3491 (7 lines)



## There's never been a soap like **WRIGHT'S!**



## IDEAL FOR TOILET, BATH & NURSERY

Path size tablet now available again.



## a clear case for **Cash's**

WOVEN NAME TAPES  
CASH'S OF COVENTRY

**2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>%** **ECONOMIC**  
Building Society  
Long Period Shares  
Equal to £5-0-0%  
(taxable at 9/-)  
**TAX PAID**

Apply B. J. Jayson, 40, Broad Street, Bristol 1

## FIRE!

## PRODUCTION LOST BUT FOR NU-SWIFT!

A spark...a flash...fire blazing...dial 999! But for at least five minutes that blaze will be YOURS alone! Reliable Nu-Swift is the world's fastest and most certain fire-killer. NU-SWIFT LTD. • ELLAND • YORKS  
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

# PRESS



for a fly-free  
summer

## THE LONG-LASTING PRESS-BUTTON

### FLY-KILLER

- Contains safe and super-efficient 'Pybuthrin', 9 times more powerful than ordinary fly-sprays.
- Non-poisonous.
- Non-inflammable.
- Kills all flies, wasps, mosquitoes, etc.

Standard 6 oz. size 7/6

Large 12 oz. size 12/6

Cooper, McDougall & Robertson Ltd · Berkhamsted · Herts · Established 1843

777

Valstar  
Clothes of Distinction

AVAILABLE AT  
MOST LEADING STORES

Trade Inquiries to  
VALSTAR LTD., 314 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1



There's gold in the sea . . . In a thousand million pints of sea-water there may be as many as 250 pints of gold. Now gold, by the pint, is lovely stuff. So why don't we all get after it? Well, you see . . . it's just a little bit difficult to extract.

In hundreds and hundreds of manufacturing processes, solvents are used—and wasted. They just float off into the air. Now solvents are expensive things, so why don't we pull them back again? Goodness knows . . . because, with Active Carbon, it's just too easy . . . There's gold in the air! for the man who reads about Active Carbon and Solvent Recovery, and telephones **SUTCLIFFE SPEAKMAN**

AND COMPANY LIMITED, LEIGH, LANCASHIRE.  
LONDON OFFICE: 2 CAXTON ST., WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

TELEPHONE LEIGH 94.  
TELEPHONE ABBEY 3085

## Invest with safety

AND LET YOUR MONEY EARN  
A TAX-PAID RETURN OF

# 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>%

EQUIVALENT TO 5% ON AN  
INVESTMENT TAXED AT  
THE STANDARD RATE

Interest accrues from day of investment. No brokerage fees or charges payable on investment or withdrawal. Shares cannot fluctuate in value.

**ASSETS EXCEED £5,000,000**

For full details, write or telephone

### City Prudential Building Society

17 HOLBORN VIADUCT  
LONDON, E.C.1. Phone: CITY 8323

Birmingham: WINCHESTER HOUSE, VICTORIA SQUARE, BIRMINGHAM, 2.

Bradford: 6 THE EXCHANGE, BRADFORD

Brighton: 34 QUEENS ROAD, BRIGHTON, 2.

Leeds: 11/12 VICTORIA CHAMBERS, LEEDS, 1.

Liverpool: 28 CHAPEL STREET, LIVERPOOL, 3.

Manchester: 5 JOHN DALTON ST., MANCHESTER, 2.

## Denmark

College of Physical Education, Fredensborg  
Courses conducted in English by Svend Holtze

VACATION COURSES. Men: July 28-August 14  
Women: Aug. 15-Sept. 1. Gymnastics, Games,  
Swimming, Dancing, etc. Fee incl. residence  
£15.10s. One-Year Course for Men. Fee £195  
inclusive. Write Principal.

■ **Every Household**  
will find a variety of uses for  
"Triton"

E·X·P·A·N·D·I·N·G  
BOTTLE STOPPERS

Ensures  
hygienic  
and  
airtight  
closure  
for a wide  
range of  
bottles.



Junior Model  
Vacuum Flask  
and  
Milk Bottle  
Stoppers  
also available

SAFE • STRONGLY MADE  
NICKEL PLATED FINISH

Price 4/6d.

**TRITON MANUFACTURING CO.**  
19 CHARING CROSS RD, LONDON, W.C.2



\* If it's a matter \*

of how to fasten one thing to another



get in touch with **GKN**

**GUEST KEEN & NETTLEFOLDS (MIDLANDS) LIMITED**

**BOLT & NUT DIVISION:** ATLAS WORKS, DARLSTON, S. STAFFS. TEL. DARLSTON 28

**SCREW DIVISION:** BOX 24, HEATH STREET, BIRMINGHAM, 18. TEL. SMETHWICK 1441

**IN INGRAM  
YOU GET IT  
FOUR WAYS**

**CONCENTRATED**  
for economy  
**MENTHOLATED**  
for coolness  
**SUPER-FATTED**  
for abundant lather  
**ANTISEPTIC**  
for skin health



**INGRAM the original**  
mentholated shaving cream

COMBINES ITS OWN FACE LOTION

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

53/4/7



STEPHENS BROTHERS LTD.,  
BY APPOINTMENT HOSIERS  
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

## Tenova socks stay up!



The lastex band  
at the top  
keeps them up  
—the cut-out  
keeps them  
comfortable

Nylon  
reinforced  
from 7/6 plain,  
8/6 patterned

Sole distributors: Stephens Bros. Ltd.  
157 Regent Street, London, W.1. Write  
for address of your nearest supplier.

**MEDITERRANEAN SUNSHINE**

at attractive reduced rates,  
without foreign currency

Send for new full-colour booklet on

**MALTA**

and  
**HOTEL PHOENICIA**

**MALTA TRAVEL BUREAU** (Phone: GER. 6777)  
54 Golden Square, London, W.1  
(or any other Travel Agent)

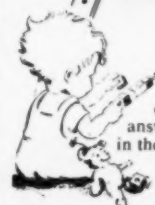
For REMOVALS & STORAGE  
CALL IN THE SPECIALISTS

**HOULTS LTD.**

Regular Removals Everywhere  
LONDON OFFICE: The Depositories  
Chase Road, Southgate, N.14

Tel.: Palmers Green 1167-8  
Also at NEWCASTLE, CARLISLE, GLASGOW

Should a child's  
play be  
self directed?

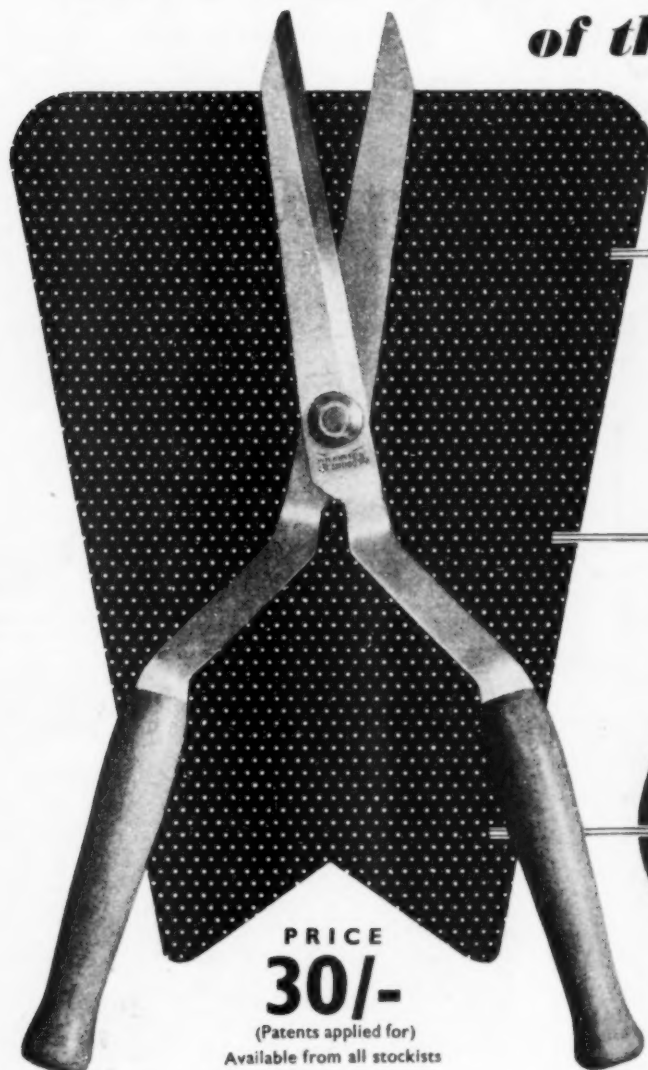


Just the kind of  
question you'll find  
answered in "Playtime  
in the First Five Years"  
by Hilary Page,  
designer of  
**KIDDICRAFT**  
'SENSIBLE' TOYS

From all booksellers 12/6 or from your library.  
Published by Allen & Unwin Ltd.



# Announcing . . . the **GARDEN SHEAR** of the **FUTURE!**



PRICE  
**30/-**

(Patents applied for)  
Available from all stockists

Built into these new Wilkinson Sword Garden Shears is not only the famous Wilkinson Sword craftsmanship, renowned since 1772, but also NEW FEATURES which make them the most efficient, the most comfortable and the most durable yet produced. These new shears have been specially designed to fit the normal body movements, while their strength, combined with the lightness of their keen-cutting hollow ground blades, give you the perfect instrument for every kind of grass and hedge cutting.

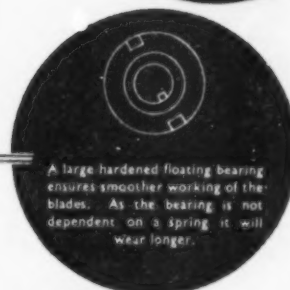
Write for illustrated leaflet S.9



THE WILKINSON SWORD COMPANY LIMITED, ACTON, LONDON, W.4



Hollow Ground Blades make this new shear  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. lighter than any other of comparable size, while the same strength is maintained with keener cutting qualities.



A large hardened floating bearing ensures smoother working of the blades. As the bearing is not dependent on a spring it will wear longer.



The solid tang handles have been designed to provide comfort and ease of body movement, and also to ensure that the handles do not loosen or become detached.

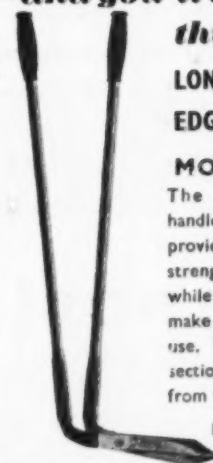
**—and you'll also want  
this**

**LONG HANDLED  
EDGING SHEAR!**

**MODEL W.417**

The tubular steel handles of these shears provide both great strength and lightness, while rubber grips make for comfort in use. Fitted with heavy section blades forged from finest sword steel.

PRICE **50/-**





## ask the typist

She notices things about a typewriter that even a technician might miss, because eight hours of work every working day make her the best typewriter critic there is. Little things, like the free running of the ribbon and the setting of the margin, become very important things after a day's work. And who is better fitted to judge these little and important things than the typist?

Good design and precision engineering ensure that every Imperial typewriter will pass that most exacting of tests, the typist's.

# Imperial

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY LIMITED • LEICESTER

CRC 11



**Memo to all loyal subjects :-**

*All over the world where good taste and pleasure meet you'll find this bottle .....➔*

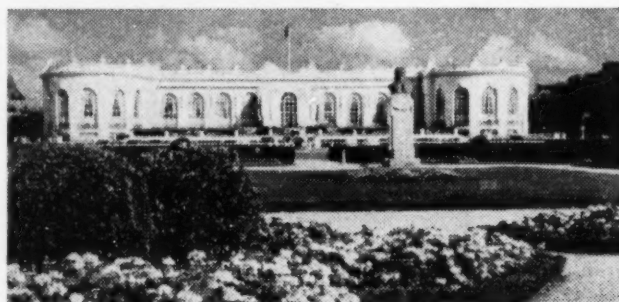
## Dry Monopole

CHAMPAGNE



Twiss & Brownings & Hallows Ltd.  
Suffolk House, 5 Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4

## Deauville "LA GRANDE PLAGE FRANCAISE"



Casino with Roulette, Baccarat, Trente et Quarante, etc.

### NORMANDY HOTEL • ROYAL HOTEL • HOTEL DU GOLF

July 10-15

#### INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

Regattas, International Bridge Tournament and Tennis.

July 16-31

Pigeon Shooting with 8 million francs in prizes.

July 17-Aug. 5

#### NEW GOLF (2 courses)

"Grande Quinzaine Internationale."

(Special attractive terms for players at the Hotel du Golf).

#### RACING during July at Clairefontaine.

Throughout August on both courses — daily.

SUNDAY, Aug. 30

"Grand Prix de Deauville".

#### YEARLING SALES

POLO 20 important matches during August.

SUNDAY, Aug. 23

WORLD OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

GRAND GALAS at the Ambassadeurs.

Two hours from Paris by road or rail.

### REGULAR AIR SERVICE LONDON TO DEAUVILLE

(By Air France)

Ask your local Travel Agents for further information.  
Season—Easter to October.

Directeur Général: François André.



# MACVITA

It's tastier...  
crisper...  
more delicious  
to eat

After a good game of tennis, a nice snack of Macvita is very much to your advantage. For putting back energy, building up strength and for sheer pleasure too, nothing scores over Britain's finest crispbread. Splendid for breakfast, lunch, tea or supper. All the family enjoys it.



By Appointment  
Biscuit Manufacturers  
to the late King George VI.  
McVitie & Price Ltd.

Made by the makers of the famous Digestive Biscuit

**McVITIE & PRICE LTD.**

EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER



## Annual Turnover

A City financier named Round said: "This turnover policy's sound. An Oldham saves part Of the cost of each start For it gives you more power for your pound."



**OLDHAM**  
**STARTER BATTERIES**  
with FIBRAK separators  
for even more  
POWER TO SPARE

OLDHAM & SON LTD · DENTON · MANCHESTER · EST 1865



*Because  
quality and  
dependability are  
essentials*

# ROLLS-ROYCE

*are supplied with*

# CHAMPION

## PLUGS



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG CO. LTD., FELTHAM, MIDD.

## When you buy a tyre—

**Do you compare technical points?**  
India has always been in the forefront of tyre design and construction.

**Do you buy on price?**  
Price for price, India tyres are better value because you do know the quality is there.

**Do you rely on reputation?**  
The "tyres with the Red Ring" have always been famous for long, trouble-free mileage. Remember, India Tyres are fitted to Bentley cars.





# PORVIC

## *makes battery traction*

# NEWS!

HITHERTO, the wood separators have been one of the main factors in determining the useful life of a traction battery, particularly when used under arduous conditions.

Porvic, a microporous plastic material of high porosity and low electrical resistance **now fitted in all Exide-Ironclad traction batteries**, provides a battery separator which is chemically inert and does not wear out in service.

At the same time, improved grid alloys have been introduced which, used in conjunction with Porvic separators, ensure for EXIDE-IRONCLADS—already famous for their sound engineering construction—even greater robustness and reliability.

CHLORIDE BATTERIES LTD have recently organised their Sales and Inspection Advisory Service for users of Exide-Ironclad batteries on a Regional basis. The Chloride Area Sales offices listed below are, in effect, extensions of the Exide Works. They have full Works facilities for repairs and service: and their staffs are Works-trained. They offer you all the advantages of dealing direct with the Works—at a convenient distance.

## Exide-Ironclad

### BATTERIES

FOR ALL FACTORY TRUCKS, ELECTRIC VEHICLES AND LOCOS

A PRODUCT OF CHLORIDE BATTERIES LIMITED

EXIDE WORKS · CLIFTON JUNCTION · SWINTON · MANCHESTER

AREA SALES OFFICE: LONDON: Elgar 7991 · BRISTOL: 22461 · BIRMINGHAM: Central 3076 · GLASGOW: Bridgeton 3734 · BELFAST: 27953

V.818